

PERMANENT FILE

*The* **AMERICAN**  
**LEGION** *Monthly*



ROGER W. BABSON - ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE  
ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT - FREDERICK PALMER



ONE *will always stand out!*



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## *Straight to the goal...*

Streaking over a mirror of ice, the hockey star seems everywhere at once... but he never forgets that the winning shot must go straight for the net.

Chesterfield, too, takes the sure, undeviating course to the one goal that counts in a cigarette—the fragrant mildness and richer aroma of fully ripened tobaccos—entirely free from harshness or irritation, in short—

MILDER . . . and BETTER TASTE



*They Satisfy*  
—that's Why!

# Chesterfield



# They "Framed" Me Into Making a Speech

*...but the Laugh Was on Them When I Held Them Spellbound!*

SO I was scheduled to play the clown, eh? It was with mixed feelings of anger and amusement that I listened to Hanley's gleeful explanation of his scheme through the half-open door of the private office.

"It's a cinch," he explained to his listeners. "I'll tell the chief that Burton has some ideas about the new advertising campaign. He doesn't know about this conference. And when the boss calls him in, watch him stutter and swallow his tongue. He's afraid of his own voice."

If this had happened three months ago, I would have stayed away from the office that day. Three months previously, I had been just the type that Hanley had me labeled. A good old faithful work horse—but constantly handicapped by an inferiority complex whenever a business superior spoke to me. I was bashful, nervous and timid when called on to speak at length to a group of men. And I soon realized that my inability to speak effectively and persuasively was limiting my future and causing people to rate me as an incompetent.

And then something happened. Reading through my favorite magazine, I read about and sent for a wonderful little free booklet entitled *How To Work Wonders With Words*. It explained an amazingly simple home study training method by which any man could banish nervousness and self-consciousness. It revealed the simple Laws of Conversation—the knowledge and practice of which would make the most shy and retiring man a dominating and aggressive speaker—able to convince one man or an audience of thousands.

Within a few days I had begun this

secret practice. So fascinating was it that weeks flew by like hours. I began to feel more confidence in myself. And finally came the day when I realized that my shy, retiring nature had vanished and that I was ready to speak in public any time. Now for the opportunity! And here it was—I'd show Mr. Hanley something!

To say they were dumfounded is putting it mildly. When I was called in to address that conference, I just bowled them over. I did have some ideas on that new campaign—and succeeded in upsetting the whole year's

program. And my case proves that it pays to be ready for Opportunity. Shortly afterward the company created a new job for me—Director of Sales Promotion, at double my old salary. And my reputation as a convincing speaker and interesting conversationalist has spread to the extent that I am often the principal speaker at civic banquets—and a much invited guest at dinner and theater parties... Yes, sir—the best investment I ever made was when I sent for that wonderful free booklet *How To Work Wonders With Words*—and the investment was only a 2c stamp.

\* \* \*

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Today business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; an other from a small unimportant territory

to a sales manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

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This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon. This booklet is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions but thousands have sent for this booklet—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—and the natural gift within you—which can win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon

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**What 20 Minutes a Day  
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- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to talk before your club or lodge
- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to address board meetings
- How to make a political speech
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
- How to become a clear accurate thinker
- How to develop your power of concentration
- How to be the master of any situation

powerful and can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Today business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; an other from a small unimportant territory





# The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



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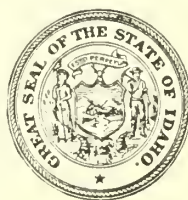
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## THE STARS IN THE FLAG

**IDAHO:** The 43d State, admitted to the Union July 3, 1890. Like Montana and Washington it belonged to the extensive empire known before the 1850's as the Oregon Country, so that its early history parallels that of its parent commonwealth. Spain relinquished its claim to the area, Feb. 22, 1810. Great Britain and the United States, with an eye to the richness of the land, especially the prolific number of fur-bearing animals, agreed on Oct. 20, 1818, to occupy it jointly. England on June 15, 1846, signed a treaty relinquishing all claims to the land. Idaho was included in Oregon Territory, Aug. 14, 1848, and on Mar. 2, 1853, the portion north of the 46th degree was included in Washington Territory. On Mar. 3, 1803, Congress organized it as Idaho Territory. Population, 1870, 14,099; 1930 (U. S. Census), 445,837. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 6.2; 1910, 21.5; 1920, 27.6. Area, 83,888 sq. miles. Density of

population (1920 U. S. Census), 5.2 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 43d in population, 12th in area, 43d in density. Capital, Boise (1930 U. S. Census), 20,460.

Two largest cities (1930 U. S. Census), Boise; Pocatello, 16,352. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$1,533,061,000. Principal sources of wealth: mineral production (1925), valued at \$31,611,166, the leaders being lead, \$22,014,636, zinc, \$2,374,030, silver, \$5,276,652; all crops (1920 Census) valued at \$126,495,111, the leaders being wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, hay and vegetables; sheep and other livestock (1922), \$70,411,000; manufactured products, lumber \$32,478,927; but-ter, \$4,838,884. Idaho had 22,071 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, adopted Mar. 5, 1886, *Esto Perpetua* (May It Last Forever). Origin of name: From an Indian word meaning "Gem of the Mountains," or, from Edah hoe, "Light on the Mountains." Nickname: Gem.



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Name.....

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Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker  
*Congressional Medal of Honor*  
*Distinguished Service Cross with 7 oak-leaf clusters*  
*(World War)*

## Hear Captain "Eddie" Rickenbacker's personal story, featured over the air in the Chevrolet Chronicles

Awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross with seven oak-leaf clusters, the Legion of Honor and many other coveted decorations, Captain "Eddie" Rickenbacker is recognized as one of America's most vivid war heroes. His record in the air service "over there" was a record of skill, daring and sportsmanship that has earned him universal respect and admiration.

Chevrolet believes that Rickenbacker's personal story, broadcast over the radio, should prove a source of inspiration to thousands of patriotic Americans. For this reason, arrangements have been made for America's Ace of Aces to give a first-hand account of his exploits, in the *Chevrolet Chronicles* during the week of December 28.



This Rickenbacker program is typical of the kind of feature that the Chronicles present each week—personal accounts of thrilling war episodes, told by a variety of living American heroes, and designed to revive public interest in the achievements of our service men.

Not only is Captain Rickenbacker featured in one edition of the Chronicles, but in every other program he acts as host to the soldier, sailor or marine whom Chevrolet has invited to broadcast.

No legionnaire should miss the Rickenbacker program or any of the other thrilling weekly Chronicles that Chevrolet has in store. Watch your local papers for the station and time of each Chevrolet broadcast.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN  
*Division of General Motors Corporation*

**WATCH YOUR LOCAL PAPER FOR STATION AND TIME**



# What To Do With BUSINESS DEPRESSIONS

By  
**ROGER W.  
BABSON**

Decoration by  
**John Richard  
Flanagan**

**O**F COURSE there is no need of business depressions or periods of deflation. Business depressions are no more necessary than physical sickness. We all should seek to eliminate and prevent both business depressions and all forms of disease. The great incentive which has so appealed to me and my associates, during the past twenty-six years, is the knowledge that we are always working to reduce the hazards of business depressions and deflations. We have known that for every additional business man whom we can interest in practical economics the next Area of Inflation will be less dangerous, and the following Area of Deflation will be less severe.

When, however, periods of depression and deflation come, they should not be ignored. Pollyanna talk will not cure cancers or broken legs. Epidemics are eliminated only by removing the source of trouble which causes them. Everybody is naturally much interested in stopping the business depression from which we are now suffering, but in reality we can only make it more comfortable and less serious. Like a physical illness, it must run its course. We can, however, avoid another crazy period of speculation or inflation and thereby entirely prevent another business depression. So much for the economics of business depressions.

Yet I am continually asked: "Is it not a great economic waste to have millions of people idle?" To this question I frankly answer: "If the only values are material—that is, if commodities are America's only need—then unemployment and financial failures are solely economic losses. If, however, spiritual and intellectual values are also of great importance, then it must be recognized that business depressions have their usefulness and fulfill an important economic function." I, personally, hold the latter belief, and hence feel that "rainy days" have their usefulness as well as sunny days.

Economic history plainly teaches that during periods of prosperity there develop waste, carelessness and crime. In fact, these agents are the real cause of the business depression which inevitably follows. When men are making money they are likely to lose their faith—forget their God and become, more or less, pagans. During such prosperous times the churches become neglected, personal prayers are dropped and man feels self-sufficient, without the need of Bible, church or meditation. These are the conditions which America has witnessed during the past few years. If you doubt me, ask any preacher, priest or rabbi.

When, however, people are out of employment, when business men are making losses, when we find things drifting away from us and we are unable to control the situation, then we look to



higher and better things. The first move is to stop waste—next, every worker determines to do his very best—and finally, we begin to seek higher sources for aid and guidance. This brings us to a realization of spiritual and intellectual values. When fifty-one per cent of the people are actuated by the desire to be of real service, conditions begin to improve and prosperity gradually returns.

Not only do men develop spiritually during periods of depression, but they also then develop mentally. Not only does church attendance increase during periods of unemployment, but worth-while books circulated by public libraries likewise show an increase. The books read during such business depressions are not mere novels, but are books on the various industries in which these men have been engaged. Employees, executives and wage workers realize that *now* they must brush up and get posted if they are to succeed. Only a business readjustment brings average people into this attitude.

Of course, a business readjustment has many other practical uses. It gives employers a chance to repair their plants and reorganize their policies. It gives executives a chance to think and develop new plans; it gives opportunities to fund and refund indebtedness, owing to the low money rates which always prevail at such times, while it gives wage workers a chance to rest and get in good physical shape for the next pull. We all should be optimists under all conditions. No one hates a pessimist more than I do; but the real optimist fills his rain barrel when it storms instead of talking about sunshine. So although we do all we can to help check the present business deflation, let us direct more of our efforts to filling our rain barrels.

I am particularly concerned with the effects of this depression upon the small business man. The giant corporation has—or ought to have—massive reserves of capital set up for the very purpose of tiding over hard times. But what about the "little fellow," who may have been barely getting along at best and is now in severe straits. For the small and struggling enterprise there are several considerations at this time which should help to maintain confidence. In the first place, even a major depression tends to be relieved at intervals by temporary improvement at least. Weaker competitors have already been removed. A "one man" business—powered by the personal enthusiasm and devotion of the owner himself—always has an opportunity to achieve a type of efficiency which is the despair of muscle-bound corporations. Just as hunger sharpens animal wit, business depressions put a premium on commercial alertness. I notice many instances like that of the small store-keeper who merely by noting registration numbers of automobiles frequently (Continued on page 42)



# Romance With a Quick HEART BEAT and \$10.00 DOWN

By  
Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrations by  
Grattan Condon

**T**O BET all you have, like an ocean flyer, that's wonderful. But to bet all you have not, that's something, too. For life is rarely one supreme gesture; it consists rather of a thousand drab renunciations, which, if we could foresee them, might cause us to lay down the burden. And yet there is an occasional great soul which sees the future clearly and still accepts it. Ladies and gentlemen, for your admiration I present Abigail Winship, Abigail Hooper that was.

Everybody thought that Gail Hooper was the luckiest girl in Rockland County. Wasn't her father, Phineas Hooper, president of the bank? Hadn't she been sent away to the Misses Footes' Seminary for Young Ladies, and actually been on a visit to New York? Didn't every young man in Rockland vie for the honor of taking her riding in his buggy? Wasn't she, with her gay blue eyes and wavy brown hair and wasp-like waist and pretty ankles, the belle of the county? Spoke French, so she did, and the piece she wrote for graduation from the Seminary had been printed in the *Boston Transcript*.

Beauty and brains and money. Why, like as not she'd marry a Congressman. Kind of a tomboy, but there wa'n't no harm in high sperrits. You didn't catch her squealing with fright when the big double-runner slid down the glare ice of Cedar Hill. No sirree, you'd find her sitting up front, her heels planted firmly on the sled and the steering rope twisted about her wrists. Her tam set jauntily on the back of her head, her red woolen scarf streaming behind her—land sakes, if the fringes of that scarf that were always getting in the eyes of the boy behind her had been worn by any other girl, wouldn't the boy have up and told her to tuck the dang thing in? She was a sight for sore eyes.

Not like the other girls, either; when the long descent was ended you didn't catch her trying to sneak a ride back up the hill. Doggone it, she took right hold of the ropes and did her share in pulling the double-runner up the hill to the starting place.

Sail a boat like a Gloucester fisherman, paddle a canoe like an Oldtown Indian, swim like a fish, despite the ridiculous bathing suits of the late seventies! There was a new fangled game called lawn tennis, kind of sissified maybe, but a little harder work than it looked, and Gail Hooper could beat nearly all the boys. Shoot, too; and when, in that awful cold snap of eighty-one, the hungry wolves came down from Aroostook County, did Gail Hooper,

*Jim Winship stood  
before her like a big  
gawk, and you'd  
have thought she was  
dumb, too*







*The old gayety had returned to her eyes. And somehow Jim had lost his worried look, stood as straight as in the days of their courtship*

out for fox, faint when a wolf faced her on the Pine Trail? Right through the eye, so his pelt wasn't injured, that's where Gail Hooper shot him.

Mischecvious, too, like a young kitten. I swan to goodness, you'd like to have died the Valentine's night she played she was a ghost and scared Constable Perkins out of a year's growth.

Brave, too. When that poor half-witted Higgins girl went and had a baby and there was talk of tarring and feathering her, it was Gail Hooper that met the mob and shamed them. Before her dad had been a banker he'd been among Abe Lincoln's first hundred thousand, and sometimes blood will tell.

And then, just when everybody had it figured out that the race for her hand was narrowed down to two competitors, Frank Blake, whose father had the second biggest fleet that sailed out of Bath, and Sam Murdock, who owned practically all the lumber that came down the Androscoggin, Jim Winship came along.

Like a story it was, or maybe more like one of them shows that the play-actors gave down in Portland. Here were those two young fellows, Blake and Murdock, sparking Gail Hooper for all they were worth, and along comes this young Westerner, and first thing you know there ain't practically no race at all.

Well, that's the way it is. The tallest tree in the forest doesn't

bend before the storm; it stands straight up until the very last second, and then it breaks and falls.

Never was a prouder girl than Gail Hooper. Even at the sociables, when there were games like post office, no brash young feller tried to kiss Gail Hooper out in the hall. He might say there was a letter for her, but look at those red marks on his face! No kiss ever did that! Got his face slapped proper, and doggone if it didn't serve the pernickety upstart right for thinking that he could kiss Gail Hooper.

But gosh, when she met Jim Winship, even a baby could tell right away what was in the wind. A right smart talker, not the kind to air her views and show off, but just as up-and-coming as they make them, you'd have thought she was dumb when Jim Winship was introduced to her.

She had that creamy skin, almost like ivory, that is so beautiful in blondes. But when she met Jim Winship for the first time, the red blood peeped through her skin like the tinge of color in the petals of apple blossoms, only she was twice as pretty. And as for Winship, that everyone was pointing to as the likeliest young man that ever came into Rockland County, he stood before her like a big gawk. It would have been funny, if it hadn't been so beautiful.



You know how people are, the way they make jokes about a young couple that have fallen in love. Folks think it's kind of silly. But once in a while even the dullest person gets a glimpse of something so magnificent that he doesn't think of the usual quip.

There was something fierce, right from the start, about Gail Hooper's love for Jim Winship, something that made you kind of take stock in the tale that there was Indian blood in her. And Jim Winship, big and awkward and usually blustering, was so overwhelmed by the fact that Gail loved him that he went around in a kind of a daze.

Rockland County never had a wedding like that one. Even though Jim Winship had only been in Maine six months he had made himself plenty of friends. He was representing a big hardware firm down Boston way, and you bet the people he worked for thought a lot of him. They sent him five hundred dollars for a wedding present and raised his pay to two hundred dollars a month. Gail's father gave them a brand-new rig, fastest stepping mare this side of Newburyport and the finest buggy anybody ever saw. And there was linen, and sets of dishes, and quilts—never was a couple started off like they did.

And there was love, too. Not just the flame that consumed them both, but the love that a whole community lavished on them. Like Frank Blake, for instance.

"No sense pretending I don't know that you know, Jim," he said to Winship. "I've loved Gail since she was five years old, and I'm never going to stop loving her. She's yours, and she's the kind that always will be yours. But I can't love her without taking into my heart everything that belongs to her. Any time you want anything, you know where to come."

Sam Murdock mumbled practically the same thing, and then he and Frank joined the wedding guests, and both of them drank too much hard cider. And when Gail, starting off for Boston on her wedding journey, kissed them both, I tell you there wasn't a person there that didn't feel sorry for those two boys. Just as nice fellows as you'd find anywhere.

And I wish you could have seen Gail Winship as she started on her honeymoon. She wore a cunning little bonnet that fitted tightly over her wavy hair; her dress was close fitting above the waist, and the skirt had a train that not even her bustle could keep clear of the ground. The train ride to Boston, with everybody coming up to congratulate them; the clerk at the Parker House in Boston, who knew Jim, and who had filled their room with flowers; the Boston Theatre, where "The Black Crook" was playing! Even a married woman had to blush at all those hussies in tights!

Jim was so strong, so confident, and so gentle. If men turned to look at her, it was almost indecent the way the women ogled Jim. Every inch of six feet, broad shouldered, slim, handsome! And the way he dressed! With a high hat, his broadcloth jacket, and the diamond that gleamed from his snowy shirt bosom.

"You're just like a woman, Jim, the way you like jewels," Gail told him.

"Listen, honey," he replied, "there's something about a diamond stud that makes people regard you differently. They say to themselves that if a man can invest several hundred dollars in a diamond that don't bring any interest, he must be pretty well fixed and pretty sure of himself. And if other people feel that way about a man, pretty soon he begins to feel that way about himself. I tell you, Gail, if I had to part with this stud I'd know I was a failure. Of course, there's lots of people figure it ain't high-toned for a man to wear a diamond stud, but those people are mighty few and far between and never bother me. The day I quit wearing this stud you'll know I've lost all confidence."

"And that will never happen," said Gail, "because if you should lose confidence in yourself, I'd have so much that we'd never miss what you lost."

It seemed as though there never had been a happier couple than the Winships. Everything was in their favor. But sometimes the high gods are jealous of the gifts they have bestowed.

First of all, there was Gail's father. Apparently, his bank was the soundest institution in Maine. But the aftermath of the panic of seventy-three caught him along in eighty-three. The schemes of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk, like slow acting disease, attacked the bank's vitals, and it passed away.

The Hooper bank! You couldn't believe it! If it had weathered Black Friday, it ought to have survived anything! The farms, the rope factory, the new canning plant, the widow's mite and the orphan's all—they all went over night.

Big Jim Winship faced the broken man whose daughter he had married.

"Every dollar I got in the world, Dad Hooper, is yours."

In his prime, old Hooper would have refused all offers of aid; he would have battled it out alone. But age and reverses had weakened him, made him less than once he had been. He accepted every cent of Jim's savings, let him mortgage the house and sell the mare and the buggy. As if one brick would dam the Androscoggin in spate!

Fair weather friends!

"It's like this, Winship," said his boss. "I ain't saying that old man Hooper isn't as square as they make them. I know that he threw his whole private fortune into the bank. But he's a failure, and there's no failure that stinks to heaven like the failure of a bank. Because when a bank goes, not only the savings of a community are lost, but confidence is lost. You can't do business without confidence and faith. You're Hooper's son-in-law. For years to come people are going to look cross-eyed at anything connected with Hooper. You're connected with him. Already your sales have fallen off forty percent."

"That ain't fair," protested Jim. "Everyone in Rockland County was hit by the failure and can't afford to buy."

"Goodhue's man has increased his sales twenty-five percent. That's the answer. I'm sorry, Winship. I like you. I know you're honest. But we can't use you any more."

Hard times! You'd think a man as able and forehanded as Jim Winship would get himself a fine job quick's winking. But the days, and the weeks, and then the months went by, and Jim Winship had found no work.

Foul weather friends! Never were two finer chaps than Sam Murdock and Frank Blake. Each of them privately offered Jim money, offered him a job. But a man can't accept charity, no matter how generously disguised it may be. Jim knew nothing of lumber and less of the sea. If he could only get into another community, remote from the stench of the bank failure—but loyal Gail: a man couldn't ask her to desert her father in his hour of trouble. And then, just before the receiver in bankruptcy turned in his findings, Phineas Hooper died. There wasn't enough to bury him. Jim Winship had to give his note to the undertaker.

Have you ever seen a race horse pulling a hansom cab? Perhaps it was withdrawn from the track not because of old age or of lack of speed, but because some little thing went wrong. A bad tendon, or something trivial like that. And the horse that as a two-year-old has heard the roar of the grandstand, has seen its jockey carried in the floral horseshoe, now drags drunken revelers home to bed.

Entirely aside from the business of the bank, Phineas Hooper's estate owed twenty-seven thousand dollars. Jim Winship stepped out from the race track of life to become a cab horse.

Gail faintly protested.

"Jim dearest, you don't have to pay father's debts."

"If he'd left us the quarter million we expected, it would have been all right for me to use some of that money in business, wouldn't it?" he retorted.

"Of course it would," she said. "What's mine is yours."

"Then what ain't yours is mine, too," he said.

His words were not very clear, but his meaning was. And if ever a man was repaid for sacrifice, Jim Winship, when he signed notes voluntarily binding him to pay to Phineas Hooper's creditors the sum of twenty-seven thousand dollars, was repaid by the light in his wife's eyes. Pride, that had vanished from those



*With her gay blue eyes and wavy brown hair, the belle of the county*

(Continued on page 42)



# I MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE PLAYED HOOKEY



By Alexander Woolcott

Cartoon by Herb Roth

ONCE upon a time in a moment of despondency, I took some hours off from my newspaper

work in Times Square, and enrolled as a bespectacled post-graduate student at Columbia University. There I dutifully attended lectures on political theory and on the history of civilization, hearing many fascinating facts which I have since completely forgotten.

Immediately back of this arduous procedure on my part, there may have been a notion that if I became sufficiently learned in such matters, the *Times* would stop bidding me run, pencil in hand and panting, to every three-alarm fire, and invite me, instead, to the greater dignity of writing editorials. This, you see, was in the ingenuous days when I thought that dignity was important, and that one was expected to know something before becoming an editorial writer. But further back than that, there was certainly the pressure of my Puritan inheritance, the touching New England faith in the sheer magic of going to school.

At that time on Morningside Heights, the most celebrated character was a jaunty gaffer whom any uninformed passerby would have pardonably mistaken for the dean of the faculty. But we all knew he was just one of the students—had, indeed, been one of the students for forty years or more. From that meagre data, you might hastily assume that the old fellow was just a wee bit backward, but as a matter of fact he was an exceptionally apt scholar who always passed his examinations with flying colors.

According to the current and accepted legend about him, he had originally matriculated at Columbia in the days when that now vast hive was a friendly little college down in the Forties. At that time he was the heir expectant to the fortune of an irritable uncle who grudgingly admitted that this nephew was entitled to a good schooling, but who felt that thereafter the boy should make his own way in the world. In that Spartan conviction he died while the heir presumptive was still a freshman. The will was found to be a stern document, consigning the entire estate to charity, with the single reservation that the nephew should receive from the estate a comfortable income so long as he should be a student at Columbia. Forty years later, the said nephew, with his satchel

and shining morning face, might have been seen any day, tottering to class, thereby hanging on grimly to that unintended in-

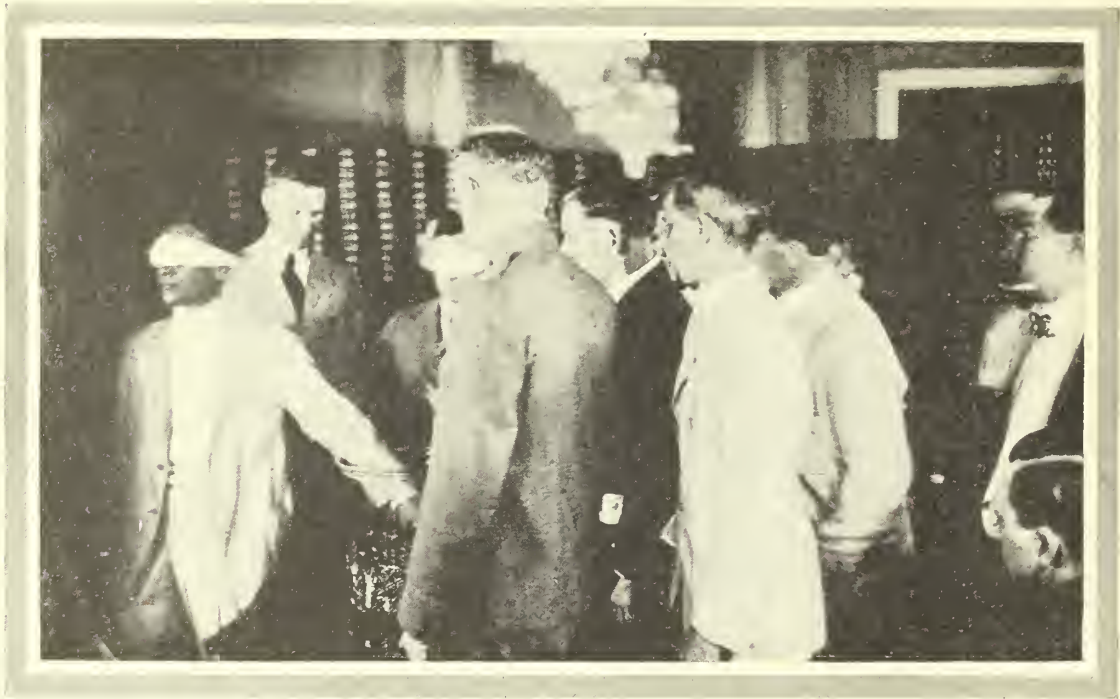
come. I forget all the subjects he took, but in my day I know he was a Doctor of Philosophy, a Doctor of Medicine, a member of the New York Bar, a civil engineer, and an electrical engineer, and if death had not interrupted his studies, he would, I am sure, have become an expert in ceramics with a good working knowledge of cuneiform writing.

I used to join in the smiles that followed Columbia's perpetual student wherever he went, but I think that even then it was beginning to dawn on me that he was but a cheerful caricature of myself and many another sitting in the classrooms around me, that I too was taking lessons as the easiest way of postponing the discovery (by myself, of course, as well as by others) that I never would amount to much in this unfeeling world.

Such are the misgivings of one who started the hot pursuit of erudition in Kansas City in 1892, beginning with the first grade of the Franklin School in Fourteenth Street, a populous class room of which I have since forgotten every experience except that we used to roar a song called "Lightly Row" at the top of our lungs, and that Miss Snooks (I am reasonably sure that was her name) once caught me in the ungallant act of thumbing my nose at a little girl (who, discreetly unseen, had incited me by that very gesture) and made me stand scarlet in the corner for what at the time seemed to be several years. Thereafter for nearly twenty winters, I could scarcely pass by a school without instinctively matriculating, thereby getting in and out of many an academy from the little old red school-house near Holmdell, New Jersey. (It was as a matter of fact, the color of slightly soiled mustard) to the noble groves of Hamilton College at Clinton, New York, where in due course I acquired a Phi Beta Kappa key and the degree of L. H. D. That means Doctor of Humane Letters, and no one was more surprised than myself, except perhaps the actors whose performances I was constrained to criticize in the press, and who, almost as one Thespian, exclaimed: "What do you mean, humane?"

It is possible that even as I was reading "Beowulf," charting the angles of incidence in lenses and (Continued on page 48)

# *When* MR. BAKER MADE WAR



*The start of the greatest lottery in history. Secretary Baker, blindfolded, drawing the first of 10,500 pellets, on July 20, 1917, to determine the order in which men of service age should be drafted into the new National Army. Mr. Baker drew number 258. Other notable figures of Congress and the Administration followed him in the drawing, which lasted sixteen and one-half hours*

*By Frederick Palmer*

**T**HE efficiency of no subordinate was so important to the Secretary of War as that of the Chief of Staff, General Scott, whose white head was bending over stacks of papers on his desk. Every time the door opened it seemed to make a whirlwind bringing in another deposit or ushering in a visitor with another perplexing problem. When war was the business of experts, no executive was so short-handed in experts as the Chief of Staff, while the Advisory Commission and the Munitions Board and all the chairmen of their committees and sub-committees had scores of specialists who, although they did not know army forms, knew transportation and other branches of industry as their life careers.

No dollar-a-year man or reserve officer could yet take the place of the army specialists in the military organization itself. The few there were had been trained only in the staff theory of this new task. They were often so used to restrictions that they were timorous about personal responsibility, which was passed on to the senior in rank, who in peace time would have resented any other action by a subordinate. In the early days in the War Department and in the A. E. F. "passing the buck" led frequently to a dozen endorsements—I saw as high as twenty in the A. E. F.—which in some cases went round the circle home to the first endorser without any decision having been made. Before long everybody cut corners.

Out of all the papers falling on his desk Scott must select the basketful which he took to the Secretary of War every afternoon and which must have the Secretary's signature. He must explain their import to the Secretary and accompany them with his rec-

ommendations. The Secretary had little time to untie knots. He had to cut them. Once when a dozen different plans, each seeming to be entirely logical, each related in turn to all manner of conflicting influences, were before him, and more discussion, endless discussion, was in sight, he remarked:

"Such is life in a flat! We'll do this!"

There might have been better ways, but at least it was one way to speed action.

The habit of passing on responsibility was carrying up to Baker all manner of things which should never have reached his desk; and his gluttonous industry, his readiness in cutting knots, his facility in calling a stenographer and dictating a plan, led him to do much work that others should have done for him. But General Scott, buffeted by the snow storm, when he had no time to read one paper before another flurry descended upon him, was doing his best to save the Secretary. Once when an eager dollar-a-year man was urging the importance of immediate action on a project for which there was neither money nor legal authority, Scott exclaimed, "I'll sign that if you will." The dollar-a-year man met this test of his personal faith by signing, thus implicating himself and the Chief of Staff without bothering Baker with the information that he might also become implicated as Secretary of War.

As Scott's hobby had been the Indian sign language there were many quips about its remoteness from his present task. His rugged honesty shone in his face. In the Mexican crisis he had been a sage on familiar ground; he had been fearless in his advocacy of the draft and right principles; and he had stood the shock of





*In the large cities on Registration Day, June 5, 1917, long lines of men from twenty-one years of age and under thirty-one made their way to headquarters of draft registration boards to give Uncle Sam the information necessary for assembling the host that an English commentator called "the last great reserve army of civilization."*

the stampede of confusion accompanying our entry into the war.

At best, his incumbency must be brief, as he would reach retiring age in September. There was other service for him in which his rank, prestige, and judgment would be valuable. When our enthusiasm for the young Russian republic was so slow to die we would show our solicitude for its fortunes by sending no less a person than our Chief of Staff as our military representative on the mission of which Elihu Root was the head. Scott could give the War Department the professional truth about the Russian military situation when Congress was holding up appropriations for our own army but ready to supply Russia with vast sums or anything she wanted to enable her to reorganize her vast man power against Germany, thus making American military aid to the Allies unnecessary.

However, the man who succeeded to Scott's desk must not allow will-o'-the-wisps to divert him from the main purpose of an American army of sufficient size to take the place of the Russian. In all quarters in Washington the call was for a young man, quick in decision and comprehension, ruthless in cutting away deadwood. He should be of such proved ability as Frank Scott in munitions, as Willard in transportation, Gary in steel, Ryan in copper, Baruch in raw materials, or Davison, who was taking charge of the Red Cross, in finance; but how to hit upon him was just as much of a problem as for Lincoln to have chosen Grant in 1861.

From the first Baker had in mind for Chief of Staff a young man who should have developed his ability at home, then have had some experience in the A. E. F. to give him first hand knowledge of the requirements in France. But for the moment, in forming the machine, proved wisdom was more valuable than unproved youth. Joffre, Foch and Hindenburg, who had shown themselves wise men, were all past sixty.

Baker decided that Scott should remain Chief of Staff until retirement, while he turned to Major General Tasker H. Bliss, as acting Chief of Staff, to take Scott's place in Washington. Baker knew Bliss through working with him. The chief did not have to begin afresh with a new subordinate or the subordinate with a new chief. Bliss was one of the finds of Elihu Root when he was looking for "army brains" in the course of his reorganization of the army after the Spanish War and he was beginning his siege with Congress to establish a General Staff. He turned to Bliss if he wanted a situation analyzed, or a difficult task, which required broad vision, handled competently. Bliss had not only been in at the genesis of the General Staff—

Root had sent him as Collector of Customs in Cuba in a ticklish time and to negotiate the difficult reciprocity treaty with Cuba. He had held all kinds of important commands. He had known and worked with many eminent public men and preceding Secretaries of War, without ever having been drawn into a clique, while he had held the respect of the leaders of Congress.

A current story of the time was that Baker chose him as Scott's successor because he was able to read a Latin sentence. Presumably the story's origin was in an incident after Bliss became our representative on the Supreme War Council, when, among a group of eminent European statesmen and scholars, he was the only one who could read an ancient Latin inscription on a wall, which did give Baker a certain patriotic satisfaction. Bliss was probably the best educated man in our army. He had absorbed learning in an academic atmosphere in youth before he decided to

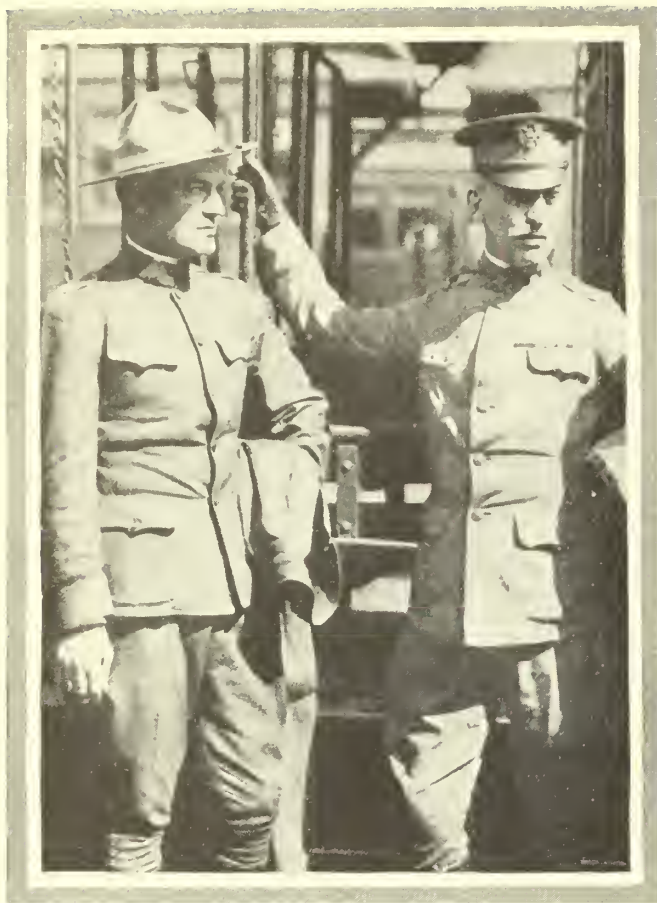
go to West Point and become a soldier instead of a professor.

His modern languages were French, German and Spanish. He read ancient Latin and Greek for a pastime. He might seem to be too much of a student and a philosopher for so active a job, but



*Registration Day in an Italian district in New York City. Before the next morning local draft boards throughout the country had on file the names and records of 9,660,000 men*





*The father of the draft, Provost Marshal General Enoch H. Crowder, and, at the left, Major Hugh S. Johnson. General Crowder, despite poor physical condition, worked out in a truly masterful fashion the complicated details of the draft law. Major Johnson accomplished the impossible of getting more than ten million registration forms printed without an appropriation and without public knowledge of what was being done*

*Former President Roosevelt was grateful to Baker for getting his sons Theodore and Archie to France with the First Division. Later, Kermit and Quentin Roosevelt also saw service. Quentin, shown below, was killed in action. The pictures of the Roosevelts on this and the following page are from Underwood & Underwood*



he had a way of following quotations from the ancient poets, or comparisons of our modern generals and senators with figures of mythology, with phrases that were earthy in realism and which would make a hardboiled soldier feel that he was not a high-brow after all. He could "see big"; he never forgot that war is fighting, that the soldier does the fighting.

My reading of the documents of the time has led to many revelations, but in the case of no individual have they led to such a recasting of values as in that of Bliss. I feel humbly apologetic to his memory for ever having shared the views of those who

underestimated his services. To the tribute to him as a salty philosopher and scholar I should like to add that of a pillar of Hercules for our structure of 1917-18. He had the sustaining mental power to work sixteen hours a day which so very many able men were to find that they lacked. His part was not to spur the wild horses but to habit them to saddle and team-play so they would not gallop in all directions when the bugle sounded the charge.

Now, as we judge his part by the event, it is amazing how rarely he was wrong as his vision penetrated the fog of war when to be right on one out of two occasions was phenomenal. His memoranda which sounded such breadth of knowledge and experience "had it all in" and were invaluable to Baker, who out of ten of Bliss's dictated pages resolved the significant thing for his purpose into one or two.

Bliss himself would retire in December, when the younger men to ply the spurs might have been developed, or, if it were better for him to go before that, there would be no sourness on his part. He was not the type of Chief of Staff whose over-weening ambition, looked toward the command of the army in the field, requiring that he be watched. He did not consider himself a superman when the number of supermen both in the Army and among the captains of industry was an embarrassment of riches. While other human machines were grinding their gears for want of it as a lubricant, Bliss retained his sense of humor. And oh, how he hated a liar! A man might be ignorant, stupid, slow, stub-

born, narrow, and Bliss would make allowances, but not for a soldier who did not keep the straight path of soldierly honor.

Aside from official relations, he was a congenial spirit to the Secretary: it was easy for Baker to work with Bliss. At the end of the day, Bliss was one of the intimates of that group who gathered in the Secretary's room when Baker's mood turned to whimsicality before the midnight hour struck. No matter how many mistakes had been made that day, these were over the dam. Worrying over them would only increase the number of tomorrow's mistakes. Everybody had done his best. Among the intimate family was young Ralph Hayes, whose contribution was youth as surely as Bliss's was the wisdom of the ages.

Hayes was the first one to appreciate Baker as "the greatest Secretary of War the country ever had." He had known that Baker would be nothing less on the day Baker was appointed. When Ralph was a student at Western Reserve University, he took advantage of the mayor of Cleveland's open door to ask



*Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.*



*The kaiser's learning of the tremendous success of the draft in the United States, as seen by a Los Angeles Times cartoonist, who titled it "That Draft Gives Him a Chill"*



him if the college musical club, of which he was manager, might not appear between two numbers of the city symphony orchestra whose part in city life had Mayor Baker's most sympathetic support. Baker was discriminatingly fond of music. A contribution by collegiate amateurs might not be quite acceptable to the conductor as a part of his program, but the personable youngster took the mayor's fancy so much that he thought the suggestion a good idea and worth his backing.

This was the beginning of a relation whose result was quite incredible to Ralph when, in December, 1916, an invitation came to the late manager of the musical club to give up his apprenticeship in a bank to become the private secretary to the Secretary of War. Ralph had had no political experience and the normal thing would have been to choose a man familiar with Washington and politics rather than a youngster who had not even been in politics in Cleveland. But Ralph would not have refused to be so near Baker even if he had had to resign from the presidency of a bank.

Baker wrote that as Ralph was quite unfamiliar with things in Washington he would meet him at the station, and until Ralph found a place to live he had better stay at Baker's home. And Baker ought to have known the requirements of a private secretary to a Cabinet officer. In his youth he had been as much surprised as Ralph when Postmaster General William L. Wilson, in the second Cleveland administration, had asked him to be his private secretary. Ralph was the Mercury of the War Department until he was drafted and went to a training camp.

Then there was Dr. Frederick Keppel, who was then dean of Columbia University, and is now president of the Carnegie Corporation. He was in the flight of dollar-a-year men to Washington after our entry into the war. Thinking that his knowledge of languages and familiarity with Europe might make him useful in the State Department, he went to his friend Frank Polk, who was its counselor. Polk smiled and said that the State Department was not taking on new men at this juncture and business would not look up until the negotiations for peace began; but, in passing along the corridors, he had noted that things were quite lively in the War Department, which should have opportunities for the unemployed.

Baker did not lack applications for the kind of work for which Keppel was suited. Every man in the United States who knew the languages thought of himself as a super-secretary and wanted to enter the War Department on the way to accompany our army in France as an interpreter. Senators and eminent men who knew Baker all had friends of peculiar fitness who could relieve the Secretary of War of much detail.

When Baker looked up from his desk at the blue-eyed, buoyant, engaging Keppel, and with the perception which becomes second nature to an administrator took the measure of his visitor, he adjusted his method of communication to the dean of Columbia as he would to a visitor of another type. He recalled a passage from Macaulay which a dean should understand; or, if he did not understand it, he did not pass the examination. Its application was that there was plenty to do in the crowded reception room, and if Keppel found a way to make himself useful the War Department would take the credit for his achievement; but if he failed to make himself useful he would pass out into the realm of the unemployed again.

The manner in which Keppel immediately went into action, going from caller to caller to learn what was the purpose of each one in seeing the Secretary of War, proved him to be a perfect outer office man as assistant to Ralph Hayes. He was ready to begin serving at a dollar a year, but Baker thought it better that he should be sworn in as a clerk. It was Keppel who organized the noon hour reception. At noon, followed by James S. Durbin, the stenographer who could hold his machine-gun dictation, to make notes Baker came out of his office and went the round of the callers whom Keppel had shepherd in line. Some of these were so ingratiated by Keppel's smile and sympathetic understanding that they had almost nothing to impart to Baker, but they could return home to say that they had "seen the works," and their suggestions were being considered in high places. Keppel had



Kermit  
Roosevelt



Major General James G. Harbord, who as a major at the outbreak of the war was chosen by Pershing as his chief of staff. Harbord went on to a brilliant career in the field and as head of the S. O. S. and on his retirement from the Army late in 1922 became president of the Radio Corporation of America. He is now chairman of the board of directors of that corporation

the necessary sense of humor to qualify him for his difficult part. "Does the President know what a queer combination of public zeal, personal ambition, devotion and guile is contained in the body of this gentleman?" he wrote in one of his memoranda. The gentleman was a famous welfare expert. He had come with a note from the President to present his plan for the co-ordination of welfare activities on a grand scale with him as chief. On the day after it was inaugurated there would have been protests from the other members of the Cabinet, the Chief of Staff, the Munitions Board, and all the various welfare societies, while indignant telegrams would have poured in from all parts of the country.

Another one of the family group was Raymond Fosdick, in charge of training camp activities, and another Leonard Ayres, of whom we shall hear more later. Then there was Felix Frankfurter, a brilliant student at the Harvard Law School, whom Henry L. Stimson, when Secretary of War, had made law adviser of the War Department, an important position since the Department's responsibilities included the administration of the Panama Canal zone and of our overseas possessions with their inheritances from a different civilization. Frankfurter's expositions were so excellent that Secretary Garrison, and then Baker in turn, found in him the qualities which make an able permanent under-official invaluable to Cabinet chiefs.



Archie  
Roosevelt





"Gott, Papa! They're in Earnest!" exclaims the crown prince to the kaiser in the cartoon at the left as the conscription bill and loans to the Allies shatter the German claim that America will take no part in the war. From the Dayton (Ohio) News

The success of the American draft registration despite German agents' efforts to thwart it gave the cartoonists a chance to tell effectively Germany's sad tale of unsuccessful intrigue. William II is saying to his luckless agent: "So! You've failed again!" From the New York Times



Others were added to the happy company whose membership changed from time to time. Upon Hayes' departure, when Koppel became an Assistant Secretary of War, Baker summoned in his place Stanley King, a tall thoroughbred of the old New England type, who had been in munitions work and had had experience as an employer of labor.

"But you hardly know me," said King, thoroughly surprised at his being chosen. "You'd better inquire about me and get some references first."

"I have the word of six men whose judgment I trust," Baker replied, "that you are just the man for the job."

Then King placed before the Secretary a list of all the companies in which he owned stock. Some of these had contracts for war supplies. King said that he would sell all his shares if Baker thought best. Anyhow, there was the list, and certainly he did not want to be consulted about anything by which these stocks would be affected.

A belated chief of department whom Baker might want to ask a final question or who had something that would not wait, would find his troubles, after twelve to sixteen hours' unremitting mental strain, momentarily dissolved in the relaxed mood of that happy circle in which rank and station were not so important as a good story.

All these familiars wished at times that the Secretary were four or five inches taller, in keeping with his mental stature, and that sometimes he would play up his personality for public attention even if he had to trumpet in the Stanton manner. All agreed that he wasted too much time on being kind when war was not a kind business. But all knew that as a substitute for Stanton's roar, which consigned objectionable people to hell fire or any other place so they would get out of Stanton's sight, Baker had his short "No," and that without raising his voice he could quite definitely blot a man out of his ken. There was the answer he

wrote to a certain suggestion which he considered quite beyond the pale: "I have received your letter and do not care to receive any further letters from you."

Certainly as devastating as a Stanton roar.

Baker was holding twenty major conferences a day when ten are a large allowance for a big executive, and often seeing a hundred other people, reading long reports, and dictating letters for the President to sign. He was also signing letters that the Chief of Staff and other assistants wrote for him.

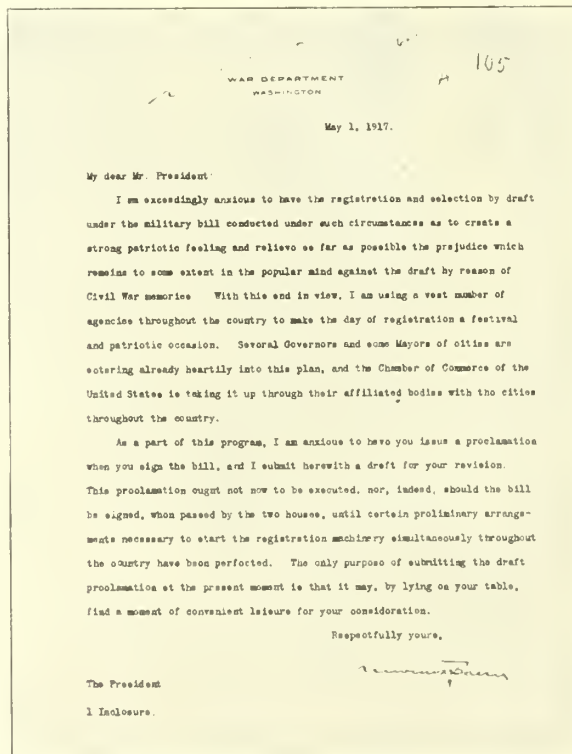
"When will we ever again sign all the things we write!" he exclaimed one day, "and write all the things we sign!"

Before me are single sheets of paper of one, two or three paragraphs, which bear at the bottom "Approved Baker." They are often suggestions which the "approved" made orders. The authors, who have preserved them as evidence of how they did their bit in the war, knew the Secretary's liking for brevity and explicitness, and how the administrative mind jumps ahead of expositions and grasps plans through bare outlines.

The administrative test of each suggestion must be, was it in line with policy? Would it bring conflict of authority and further delay in resolving chaos into order? If not, would it speed up action? Faith in the man who made it was often as influencing as the soundness of the suggestion which received the "Approved."

"Did you ever report to Baker on what you had done when he approved your idea?" one veteran of those early days asked another. "No! Did you?" "No!"

The thing was to get it done. There was no time to make reports. Baker had no time to listen to them. If the idea was good, it succeeded; if not, it was washed out. When the idea failed, Baker knew about it through the difficulty being brought again to his attention, and he knew he had made a mistake, but not one that injured the foundation of the structure for a scientific army.



Baker's letter to the President telling of the means employed to build up a strong patriotic feeling in favor of the draft. The President issued the proclamation virtually in the form submitted by Baker





*Dr. Frederick P. Keppel, who gave up his place as Columbia University dean to become an assistant in the War Department. He did a fine job of insulating Baker from those who had nothing to offer, and cutting corners for men who had ideas that would work*



*Leonard Ayres, who made a brilliant record as a statistical officer for the War Industries Board and related agencies, as chief statistical officer of the Army and later when he became chief statistician of the A. E. F.*



*Raymond B. Fosdick had been the special representative of Secretary Baker on the Mexican Border during 1916. He was appointed chairman of the commission on training camp activities, and became a representative of the War Department in France in 1918*

In the midst of his own concern about generals enduring the strain his familiars were wondering how long this slender little man could endure the routine which he had set for himself. Friends were worried about his finances. At least, he should be freed of worries on that score. Money as money did not mean much to him, except that his habit was to keep it in circulation. Friend J. M. Woodward, a classmate at college, wrote to him in warm impulsiveness:

"I will gladly lend you any amount you can conceivably need for any length of time, for the rest of your life, if that will help. It won't inconvenience me one bit, so don't worry about that. I have accumulated by accident, inadvertence and mistake, a great deal of money—not millions—but a fairly vulgar amount at that, and have no conceivable use for the bulk of it. What are friends for? Drop me a word at any time you can make use of me—to any amount. You will get an immediate response."

But Baker's answer was in the same strain as that to F. H. Goff, President of the Cleveland Trust Company. He would try to do it on his salary, while he subscribed to Liberty Loans on instalments—with the War Department spending more than a billion dollars a month.

Upon his arrival in Washington in March, 1916, he had taken a room at the University Club, while Mrs. Baker remained in Cleveland to keep the children in school. Before our entry into the war he used to lunch sometimes with boon spirits at the

Cosmos Club or at a round table at the New Willard. After Mrs. Baker came to Washington, economy sent them afield from Connecticut Avenue to rent a little house in Georgetown, as pioneers in a region which was later to have a vogue.

Important mail was short-cut to him at home in the early morning, some of the letters being answered at breakfast time and others considered on the way to the office, where he arrived at eight or not later than eight thirty. Almost invariably, after our entry into the war, he went home to luncheon, taking an hour from the office, an hour that gave him time for uninterrupted thinking. Had he accepted all the luncheon invitations he would have had a string of appointments stretching beyond the Armistice. Should he lunch at a club or a hotel he was sure to be buttonholed. When his reception room was thronged, and the pressure of a button would summon the mighty who were anxious to do their bit, he did not have to go to meet people. He conducted his business in the office in detachment from all influences which might interfere with impartial decision and which would waste time.

After the day's work was over, and after the brief informal family vespers or none was in order, when the corridors were silent except

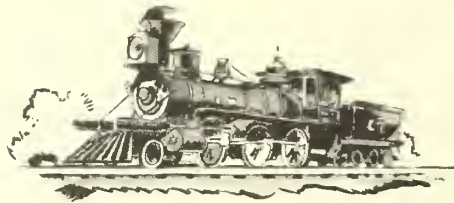
for the step of another belated worker, he would write letters by hand to friends or perhaps some memorandum which an assistant would find on his desk in the morning.

He had not given up in this period his habit of a few hours' reading of a book of history, or of a story which had nothing to do with the war, before he went to bed, (Continued on page 52)



# *We've Come a Long Way Since* **THE DAYS OF THE WOOD-BURNER**

*By*  
**DANIEL  
WILLARD**  
*as told to*  
**MARQUIS  
JAMES**

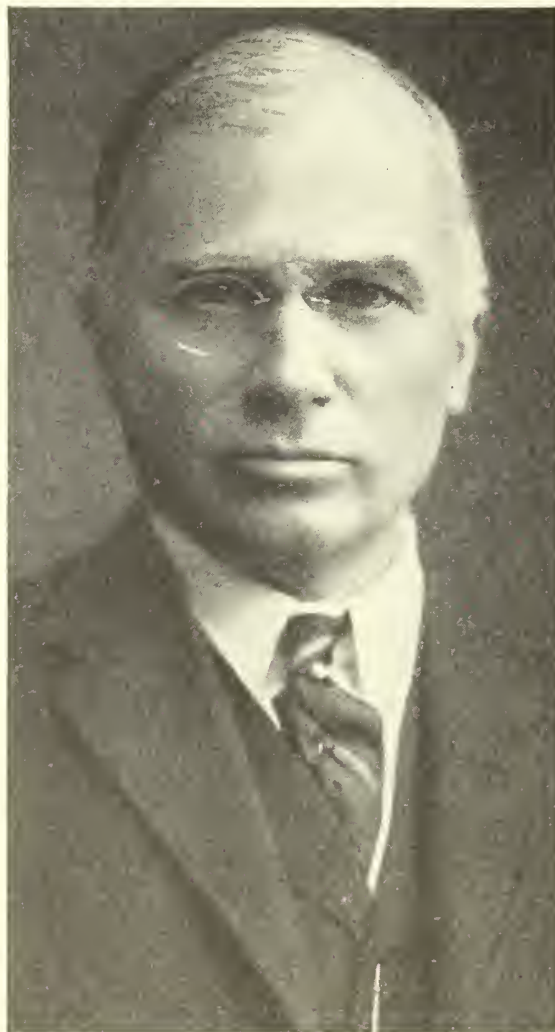


*Decorations  
by  
George Illian*

**T**HE General R. F. Taylor and the General Sheridan of the Central Vermont Railroad were among the most impressive locomotives of which I have any knowledge, and in memory I can see them now as I saw them more than fifty years ago trailing clouds of white smoke through the meadow on my father's farm. The significance of their names and the majesty of their appearance exerted an influence upon my imagination which may well have had something to do with the course of events which led me to devote a lifetime to railroading.

A few engines like the Taylor and the Sheridan may still be seen in museums. Beside our modern locomotives they are quaint looking things, but in the late sixties they represented an advanced type of transportation as well as an inspiring sight to a farm boy who had never been more than a few miles from his birthplace. To me they were the embodiment of romance and of the enchantment of distant places.

My father owned what was called a "river farm" at the junction of the Connecticut and Ottauquechee Rivers in Windsor County, Vermont, just across the Connecticut River from New Hampshire. He had two hundred acres of good land, as New England farm land went, but only sixty or eighty acres were under cultivation. The rest was woodland or hills not suitable for a plow. Like other New England farmers my father had given up wheat raising as the opening of railroads



*Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, is perhaps the best known railroad man in the world. His work for the nation during the war was outstanding, and a measure of his contribution to contemporary American life was the award to him in 1929 of the gold medal of the National Institute of Social Sciences "in recognition of distinguished social services rendered through wise and far-seeing management of the great corporate interests committed to your care." Mr. Willard is a member of Baltimore & Ohio Post of The American Legion*

to Minnesota enabled the East to get wheat and wheat flour more cheaply than we could raise it. This was the first fact that reached my notice of the influence of transportation upon markets. We grew nearly everything else that we needed, however, and sold potatoes, oats and livestock. Until I became a railroad man my longest journey from home was a trip to Boston with my father with a carload of cattle.

My boyhood was no harder than and little different from that of the average farm lad of the time and place. The life was what in this day might be called monotonous, and so the passage of trains on the Central Vermont Railroad which ran through our meadow became genuine events of the day. I knew the time of the trains, waited for their whistle and for a sight of them as they sent the calves and colts scampering from the track kicking up their heels. To have moved away where there was no railroad would have deprived me of a great deal of pleasure and exercise of the imagination as I went about my round of tasks.

At the age of sixteen I finished the district school at North Hartland, obtained a certificate to teach and at the next term conducted a school in the same district. I will say nothing of my qualifications as an educator except that I was able to pass the examination for a certificate. A good many of my pupils were older than I was, some by five years. The following year I attended high school at Windsor, about nine miles from home, and on graduation went to the Massachusetts Agricultural College at



Amherst, intending to follow the footsteps of my father as a farmer.

My college career ended in disappointment in the first year when I was obliged to leave on account of my eyes. After a few weeks at home I hired out with a section gang on the Central Vermont, working with a pick, shovel, tamping bar and the other tools of that branch of the trade for ninety cents a day. A day's work was ten hours and no time lost. That was the era of the itinerant Irish section hand, a jolly companion and a good worker. Our foreman, Owen Pierce, was a fine, square man and my friend as long as he lived.

Three months on the section expanded my horizon. Some of the things about railroading that had been attractive mysteries to me began to grow familiar without losing their attraction, which may be taken as somewhat of a test for a young man about to decide upon a calling. The fascination of locomotives did not diminish and I was satisfied that my future lay in the cab of an engine. Through Roadmaster Roberts, a friend of my father, I

herited many of the qualities that have come down from the past, and impart truth to the saying, "Once a railroad man, always one."

There were only twenty-nine engines on the road, and to this day I think I can recall each of them by name and number.

Number one was the Caledonia, named for the county in which Lyndonville, the headquarters of the line, was located. Number two was the Green Mountain Boy, number three the Orange, number four the Orleans for another Vermont county, number five the Dartmouth, number six the Enterprise, number seven the Magog, number eight the Massiwiippi, number nine the Union. Number ten slips my mind for the moment, but I'll think of it. Number eleven was the Passumpsic, number twelve the Stickney, number thirteen the William Thomas, or the Bill Thomas as it was called by the men, number fourteen the Henry Keyes, number fifteen the Emmons Raymond, for the president of the road, number sixteen the Pony, a four-wheel switching engine, number seventeen the Cleveland, number eighteen the B. B. Chenney,



arranged to go to Lyndonville to try for a job as fireman on the Connecticut & Passumpsic River Railroad.

Lyndonville was sixty-nine miles from home. I was eighteen years old. I made my application to Harley E. Folsom, division superintendent, and without any incident that lingers in memory I was put on the extra list of firemen. A few days later I was called out on my first run on a Sunday with an extra freight for Newport, some 63 miles north.

The locomotive was No. 6, or the Enterprise, in charge of a large, stout man with a quiet manner named Orrin G. Chase, recently promoted after many years as a fireman. I was a green hand, but thanks to the tolerance of Chase and the friendly help of the head-end brakeman, Newell B. Stetson, I kept steam up and learned the rudiments of firing a wood-burner. That run was fifty-one years ago last July. Aside from myself the only member of the crew surviving is Mr. Stetson, who lives, I think, in San Pedro, California.

Firing a wood-burning locomotive in 1870 kept a man occupied, for on a hard day we would burn from ten to twelve cords of wood, mostly old ties cut in two. That is a good deal of timber to move from one place to another, but aside from the fact that the hours were longer, the work was no harder than that of firing a big, fast, modern engine with a shovel. The introduction of oil-burners, and mechanical stokers on some of the large coal-burning engines has happily made things much easier for the fireman of today.

The pay of a fireman was a dollar and forty cents a day. Your day was over when your run was finished, however long it took and sometimes it took fourteen hours or more. There was no over-time. This represented at the time pretty good wages for a youngster, and I saved something on it. At the railroad men's lodging houses up and down the line there were always good company and good meals for twenty-five cents. Beds were the same price.

The Connecticut & Passumpsic River Railroad was 145 miles long and ran from White River Junction, near my home, to Sherbrooke, Canada. It is now a part of the Boston & Maine and the Canadian Pacific. It was a personable little road where everyone knew everyone else and trainmen had acquaintances at every stop along the line. Railroads are larger today, but they have in-

herited many of the qualities that have come down from the past, and impart truth to the saying, "Once a railroad man, always one."

number nineteen the Albert Knight, number twenty the Upham, number twenty-one the General Chase, number twenty-two the Colonel Pomeroy, number twenty-three the H. A. Alden, number twenty-four the F. M. Weld, number twenty-five the Amos Barnes, which I ran for a while, number twenty-six the Colonel Foster, number twenty-seven the Montreal, number twenty-eight the Lucius Robbins, number twenty-nine the W. K. Blodgett, in which I spent my longest time as an engineer. The name of number ten comes to me. It was the Gilmore.

There was something I like about the practice of naming locomotives. To the men who ride in it a railroad engine is more than a piece of machinery. Give them names that mean something to the people of the territory they pass through and they become objects of common property to the countryside, just as the General Sheridan, steaming through my father's meadow, was a vital part of my boyhood. This is one way of interesting the people in their railroads, which is altogether a proper thing. Through their elective and appointive officials the people of the United States have about as much to say about the conduct of the country's railroads as the company executives. A better public understanding of railroad questions would be a wholesome circumstance, so profoundly are national prosperity and individual welfare related to the problems of transportation.

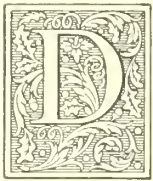
I fired a year and ten months, experiencing in that time most of the vicissitudes of railroading, including weather forty degrees below zero and snowbanks that sometimes came up to the windows of the cab. I will say, however, that on the Soo Line in the Northwest where I spent fourteen years the snow drifts were worse on account of the winds.

One Sunday night we ran into Newport and were to leave at seven in the morning with a gravel train. I was at the engine house at six, and after oiling the Enterprise I thought I'd see if I could start her. I opened the throttle gently and she started. That is a thrill that every man who becomes an engineer remembers—the first time he opened a throttle and felt an engine respond. I stopped her, started and stopped again, rather satisfied with my performance. During the day Orrin Chase let me try my hand under his direction. In this way I learned the duties of engineer and was eventually promoted to the other side of the cab. I ran engines for two and a half (Continued on page 51)



*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

## Tomorrow's Air Conquerors



DAY after day the evidences that flying is being made safer impress themselves on those Americans who still stick rather determinedly to the policy of keeping their feet on the ground. Equally evident is the fact that aviation is only on the threshold of its development and no American can foresee or foretell what flying facilities will be like five years from now or ten years hence.

The average man—still foot-minded—is impressed when he sees on the motion picture screen or in the rotogravure sections of the newspapers pictures of strange contraptions navigating above the skyscraper tops in New York City. He is jolted when he sees in motion pictures the flight of a machine which resembles a windmill turned hocus pocus. He remembers that he has been reading for several years of a plane, embodying a new principle, carrying above the motor and parallel with the ground propeller-like wings that revolve. The merit of this device, he has read, is that it permits slow speed and almost vertical take-offs or landings. It was only a short time ago that he read of experimental flights of this contraption in Spain and elsewhere. Now, here is the machine—the auto-gyro—buzzing along merrily and with seeming confidence upon New York's skyline.

The auto-gyro may not mark significant progress in the world procession toward the safe and economical aircraft of day after tomorrow. Countless other experimental craft are still formless except in inventors' minds or are now taking shape in barns and garages under the nimble fingers of tomorrow's Henry Fords of aviation. It was not so long ago that a dreamer went to his death on a trial flight which he hoped would prove that a plane modeled after the wings of a seagull could fly speedily and safely.

Out of the minds of inventors, humble or great, out of countless experiments, will come some day aircraft which are now undreamed of. Still undetermined is the rivalry between the heavier-than-air machine and the lighter-than-air machine. Will craft of both types be flying between New York and Chicago in 1938 or will the 1938 model aircraft be vastly different from anything we have today? Remember, somewhere there is an inventor who stubbornly backs his faith in a craft propelled on the principle of a rocket. And remember, H. G. Wells describes in his tale of the war of the worlds a bulbous, legged craft which warriors of Mars use in the attempted conquest of this dizzy globe of ours. Don't laugh too heartily at such thoughts: Jules Verne back in General Grant's post-Civil War era pictured in one of his least-known fantasies an armored air boat which with the aid of

sails and oars navigated among the peaks of the Rocky Mountains. His conception came true to a remarkable degree when Zeppelins began looking down on the Alps.

No one can doubt that American destiny lies in the skies. This country after pioneering in flying lagged behind other nations in the development of that science, it is true, but it is equally true that, now that the country's capital and other resources have finally enlisted for the further conquest of the air, the United States will be the spearhead of aviation's progress. The establishment of landing fields everywhere, many of them through efforts of posts of The American Legion, the building and marketing of planes for private as well as commercial use, the mammoth hangar for super-dirigibles which the Goodyear-Zeppelin has built at Akron, Ohio, the continued experiments with lighter-than-air craft of new types—all these are indices of our progress.

The time has already arrived when Mr. Average American and his schoolboy son, who can now recognize by sight and sound as many as twenty or thirty different automobiles, must enlarge their knowledge to take in types of planes. It is not enough to know by wing lines and color that a plane belongs to Uncle Sam's Army. Your up-to-date schoolboy at a not-too-distant glance can tell you what the Army uses it for. He knows by the lines and the markings the difference between a pursuit plane and an observation plane, an attack plane, used for ground strafing, and those specialized craft known as transport, cargo, ambulance and workshop planes. He can tell a bombardment plane from a primary training plane and he knows a photographic plane when he sees one. He is rapidly learning to tell at sight all the models of commercial planes.

Uncle Sam for some time has been systematically signing up the finest young Americans he can get to serve an apprenticeship under him to fit them for leadership in the expanded aviation age which is just around the corner. He is appointing these young men flying cadets in the Air Corps of the Army, is paying them \$75 a month and is giving promotion and preferment to those who show that nature and experience have pre-eminently fitted them for their work. Naturally, Uncle Sam is getting many more applicants than he can accept, because the old gentleman is very careful in his selections and his requirements are much more rigid now than they were a dozen years ago. He restricts his flying cadets to men between the ages of 20 and 27 who are unmarried, of excellent character, sound physique and excellent health. The slightest physical defect is





## "MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY 1931"

enough to disqualify a candidate. The educational requirements are so rigid that men who have not had two years of college won't stand much chance, unless they have had prior service in the Army or the National Guard, in which case they have the edge on all other candidates. Cadets rank higher than a master sergeant and just below a second lieutenant. The Adjutant General at Washington, D. C., has an information pamphlet which explains in detail how hard it is to land an appointment as flying cadet.

Uncle Sam has set a good example to the rest of the country by using so large a proportion of the Army in aviation. Of a Regular Army of approximately 130,000 more than 12,500 are now serving in the Air Corps, and 5,800 of the 100,000 Reserve Officers are in the flying branch. Under the five-year program of the Air Corps this Air Corps expansion will continue. Meanwhile Uncle Sam is stressing his Air

Corps schools. In addition to training the flying cadets he is conducting schools of many sorts for officers and enlisted men. At Langley Field, Virginia, is the tactical school for officers. At Scott Field, Belleville, Illinois, is the balloon and airship school and at Wright Field, near Dayton, Ohio, is the engineering school. Schools for enlisted men, technicians and mechanics of the Air Corps are located at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois. The men being trained in these schools today will come out of the Army at the end of their service periods to become leaders in civilian aviation. With them will be other leaders who have come up in the air mail service. The future of aviation in the nation will be largely the future of these young men.

The American Legion and the whole country have in all this an obvious duty. It is to do all that can be done to insure the adequate training of young Americans in aviation.



# The CAPTAIN

By John



National Commander Ralph Thomas O'Neil, known throughout the Legion as Dyke O'Neil, of Topeka, Kansas. At right, as Captain O'Neil, from a picture taken in Esch, Luxemburg, after service with the 11th Infantry, Fifth Division in all its battles

MORE than the customary hum and buzz and inattention were evident in two of the classrooms of the Pottwin public school in a residence section of Topeka, Kansas. An undercurrent of such excitement might have been tolerated during the last few days of school before summer

vacation or mid-winter holidays, but it was early October and the fall term of school had been under way only a short three weeks.

The disturbance in one of the rooms centered around a ten-year-old who answered to the name of Robert, while in the other room, one grade below, a certain Thomas was the lad who distracted the pupils' attention from the work at hand. But the understanding teachers knew the situation in which these boys found themselves and, secretly, were as much interested as their inattentive pupils in the subject uppermost in the youngsters' minds.

The week previous, the mother and dad of Bob and Tommy had gone on a trip down to New England—to Boston, in fact, to attend a national meeting of the Legion and it was commonly understood throughout the State of Kansas that their dad might return with the highest honor the Legion could bestow upon a man. It was to be expected, therefore, that their minds instead of being actively interested in such prosaic matters as 'ritin' and readin' and 'rithmetic, were centered on news from dad in Boston.

Thirty-five miles south of the state capital a similar epidemic apparently had struck the town of Osage City. The man who had already brought honors to his home town was about to add to its glory by being sought for the office which some claim is next to that of the President of the United States, insofar as influence and power are concerned. In a beautiful home, standing among tall trees in the south part of town, an old man whose too-active life had taken its toll upon his health, was eagerly awaiting the same news from his boy in Boston.

The very human object of all this concern was Ralph Thomas O'Neil, who when the balloting was completed during the final session of the Twelfth National Convention of The American Legion, found that he had been chosen to lead during the coming year the almost nine hundred thousand World War veterans who compose the organization. That this concern was mutual is attested by the fact that when, a week later, National Commander O'Neil returned triumphant to Topeka, the first to greet him were those two live-wire boys of his, Bob and Tommy. Then, entirely disregarding the assembled official reception committee, he asked "Where is my dad?" and walked the length of the station platform to speak with his father, waiting in an automobile, before acknowledging the felicitations of the Vice-president of his country, the Governor of his State, the senior United States Senator representing his State in Congress, and other prominent Kansans.

That homecoming demonstration was the most spontaneous celebration ever arranged to honor one of the State's prominent citizens. The committees were overwhelmed with voluntary offers of assistance and with requests for permission to participate. Members of Robert C. Heizer Post of the Legion in Osage City, named for Mrs. O'Neil's brother, were given a position of honor in the parade. But the Legion men were not alone in the line of march. From all reports, not only Osage City, Lyndon, the county seat, and the other towns were in Topeka in force, but Osage County was almost depopulated. Even the post-offices observed an unofficial holiday to permit the staffs to take part in the pilgrimage. Topeka had not seen the like of it since the Armistice celebration twelve years before.

Vice-President Charles Curtis, Governor Clyde Reed, Senator Arthur Capper, all distinguished Kansans,





# *takes* COMMAND

## *J. Noll*

were proud to do honor to their fellow Jayhawker who had brought added glory to the Sunflower State. Bands and drum corps and Regulars from nearby Fort Riley and Fort Leavenworth, Legion posts with their musical organizations, grade and high school pupils with their bands, as well as college students, and all the home folk were there to greet Dyke O'Neil. And Dyke O'Neil, true to form, credited all this honor not to himself but to an earned recognition of the Legionnaires of the State of Kansas.

ASK any average Legionnaire who Ralph Thomas O'Neil is and he will probably meet the inquiry with a puzzled expression. Ask him, on the other hand, who Dyke O'Neil is and the response will be immediate. That "Ralph Thomas" may do for engrossing resolutions or for signing official documents but from all past and present indications the man who bears those names will go down in history as "Dyke," regardless of what still greater honors may be in store for him.

The very name is descriptive of the physique, the solidity and the strength of character which are O'Neil's. When speaking with him, subconsciously one pictures a dyke—substantial in its foundation, built to meet and withstand the buffetings of nature, true to its job. There is nothing particularly sensational or flashy about a dyke, but it stands for solidity and, above all, it wears well. So it is with the man whose friends are not only Legion, but legion—if a pun be permitted.

Before the question which was heard on every side during the Boston convention is again propounded, let me give an authentic explanation of the derivation of that nickname. In his boyhood days in Osage City, young O'Neil was commonly called Ralph. A cousin who it must be assumed had a vivid imagination, if O'Neil's Irish-Welsh ancestry is considered, pinned the nickname of "Dutch" on him. But another boy in the same group of playmates was known also as "Dutch," and to save one from the resultant blame for some of the other's escapades, "Dutch" O'Neil gradually became known as "Dyke" O'Neil.

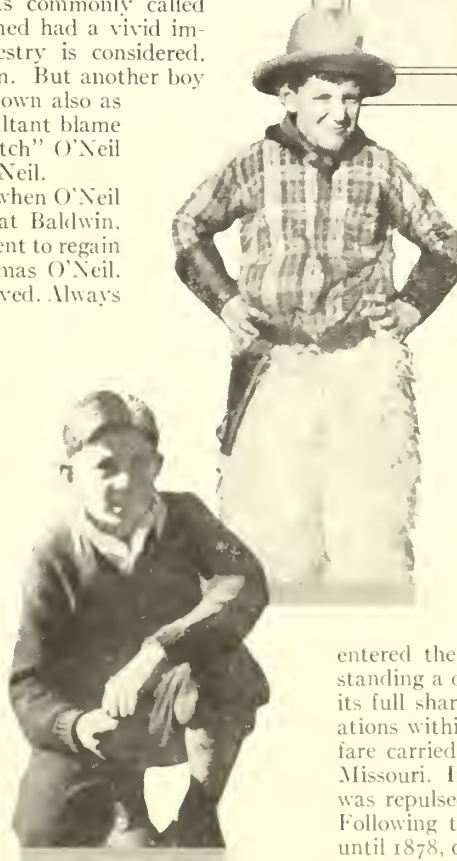
School days in Osage City ended and when O'Neil left in 1905 to enter Baker University at Baldwin, Kansas, he was able in the new environment to regain the dignity of being called Ralph Thomas O'Neil. That pleasure, however, was to be short-lived. Always active in athletics, he became a mainstay on the varsity basketball team. In one of the critical games of the season, attended by the entire student body to cheer its team to victory, it happened that the referee, Lou Prosser by name, had known O'Neil in his younger days. A tense moment of play, a struggle for the ball and the referee's voice rang out. "Foul on Dyke."

Fouls called on the home team, whether warranted or not, are resented by ardent supporters and so the chant, "Foul on Dyke," was taken up by the stands at every opportunity. There and then occurred the re-christening of Dyke O'Neil, with Referee Prosser acting as sponsor.

WHEN the United States in 1803 purchased from France the huge slice of land which now comprises the mid-western quarter of the Nation, the region west of the Mississippi was still largely unknown. Early explorations made by Zebulon M. Pike in 1807 and Stephen H. Long in 1810 more or less confirmed early opinions that Kansas, as it was to be, was part of the "Great American Desert." Those ideas were exploded when soon afterward emigration



*Ralph O'Neil returned from France to marry Margaret Heizer, whose brother Bob, his friend since childhood, had been killed in action. In O'Neil's boyhood home, Osage City, Kansas, Robert C. Heizer Post of the Legion carries on the name. At left, the younger son of the O'Neils, Ralph Thomas, Jr., eight years of age, in his favorite cowboy costume, and Robert Heizer O'Neil, ten*



started westward to the new lands of the Mormons and to the West Coast, when wagon trains began commerce to Santa Fé, New Mexico, and when routes for a transcontinental railway were surveyed.

It was during the turbulent times incident to the anti-slavery and pro-slavery discussions which led to the Civil War, that Kansas was admitted to statehood. Hardly had it entered the Union when Sumter was fired on. Notwithstanding a drought and famine in 1860, the new State gave its full share of men to the Union armies. Military operations within the State were confined to the guerrilla warfare carried on along the border line between Kansas and Missouri. In the fall of 1864, the final Confederate invasion was repulsed and operations within the State were ended. Following the end of the war Indian raids were common until 1878, caused to a certain extent by the removal in 1860 of the Kansas tribes to Indian Territory, now a part of Oklahoma.

During this pioneer period the O'Neils first came to Kansas. Contrary to the means of transportation used by most of the emigrants to the newly-opened West following the war, Grandfather O'Neil reached his destination with his family over one of the first railroads constructed in the State. The Union Pacific from





*Thomas J. O'Neil, father of the National Commander, an outstanding Kansas merchant, and Business Manager of the State from 1923 until 1926, when illness forced him to resign*

Kansas City had already started its march across the continent, under a charter granted by Congress in 1862, and at Topeka it was crossed by the more recently chartered Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway, which had completed only seventy miles of its trackage when Dyke O'Neil's grandfather with his family rode one of the first trains. At Osage City, in 1870, the family ended its journey and acquired a section of farmland at the edge of the present thriving town.

Grandfather O'Neil had brought his family to America from Ireland toward the middle of the nineteenth century and had become a fairly prosperous farmer near Covington, Kentucky. Conditions in the South following the war caused him to join the trek westward and to re-establish his family on the Kansas farm. Thomas J. O'Neil, one of the three sons, was then a boy of ten and worked on the farm until his seventeenth year, when he took a job as clerk in a hardware store in Osage City.

About the same time that the O'Neil family came to America, Hugh Hughes with his family also came across the Atlantic. Having been connected with mining operations in Wales, he followed the same line of work at Dodgeville, Wisconsin, where he acquired a home. Following the close of the war, in which several of his sons had fought with Wisconsin regiments, he too moved his family westward, establishing a mercantile business in Cambria, Missouri. Some ten years later, Margaret Hughes, a daughter, visited her sister who was living in Osage City and it was then that she met the young clerk in the hardware store, Thomas J. O'Neil, and the courtship which followed resulted in their marriage.

Of the five children born of the union, Ralph Thomas, born on August 8, 1888, was the only one destined to reach manhood. So the entire affection and pride and hopes of the parents were wrapped up in the one child left to them.

Thomas J. O'Neil was not to remain long as a clerk. He early

acquired an interest in the hardware firm for which he worked and in 1880 became sole owner of the store which has continuously occupied the same large building for the past fifty years and which under his guidance has become one of the outstanding mercantile establishments of that section of Kansas. Gradually he acquired additional interests until now his influence in business is widespread.

Always a staunch Democrat, an indication of Thomas J. O'Neil's reputation for fairness and honesty may be gained from the statement that in a State normally strongly Republican, he has twice held important state offices. That peculiar political trait of his, as will be shown, was inherited by his son. Thomas J. O'Neil is justly proud of the fact that after being appointed a member of the Board of Managers of the State Reformatory in Hutchinson, he continued to serve under four governors. In 1923, when Jonathan M. Davis took office as a Democratic governor of the State, Mr. O'Neil was appointed to the responsible position of State Business Manager. Governor Davis was succeeded in 1925 by Ben S. Paulen, a Republican, but Mr. O'Neil was immediately reappointed and continued in the position until his conscientious and strenuous attention to the work caused his health to break and he was forced to resign in 1926.

Dyke O'Neil's mother was a devout Christian woman, active in the Presbyterian church and the influence of her guidance of the home life of her family is still very evident, even though she died almost fourteen years ago. Young Ralph O'Neil possessed all the inherent activity and interests and mischief of an average American boy. He was fond of outdoor activities—

swimming and fishing and hunting and games and, incidentally, getting into those minor scrapes which are the divine right of all boys. The fact that Ralph O'Neil, who soon became Dyke O'Neil, had a gun and a camera and fishing tackle and other things which many of the boys did not own acted as the usual magnet, but boyhood friends admit that aside from that Dyke early displayed those characteristics of leadership which have brought him along the road to success.

His enjoyment of youthful pranks, however, did not offset his natural ability as a scholar and it is recalled that Dyke O'Neil finished the four-year course in the Osage City High School in three years—the while he was also outstanding in school athletics, playing baseball, football and basketball and also participating in track events.

When, in 1905, he entered Baker University, a school operated by the Methodist denomination, he

carried with him because of his high school exploits not only a reputation as a scholar but, of more importance to his fellow students, that of an all-round athlete. Again he was active in track, baseball and basketball and captained several teams which rose to high position in the Kansas conference, but Dyke O'Neil was unable to show his qualities as a football player, as that sport was then frowned upon by the school authorities.

Dancing was also banned by the school, but Dyke O'Neil assumed the authority of giving a dance for his fraternity, Delta Tau Delta. The dance was not a huge success. All that it resulted in was the assessment of fourteen demerits on Dyke's record—fifteen constituted expulsion. That one demerit which stood between him and the end of his career at Baker was never placed upon his record because, as he explains it, he was a fairly good athlete and even in those days colleges were not averse to having winning teams.

In 1900, after receiving his B. A. degree and without any special training besides his active participation in athletics, he applied for the position of coach of the Clay County High School at Clay



*The future National Commander at the age of five with his mother, who died a few months before he left for France*





*Kansas and Topeka, its capital, gave Dyke O'Neil a joyfully tumultuous homecoming welcome on his return from the Legion convention which had given him its highest honor. Outside the Union Pacific station at Topeka, left to right, United States Senator Arthur Capper, Mrs. Clyde Reed, wife of the Governor, Mrs. O'Neil, Governor Reed, Charles Curtis, Vice-president of the United States, National Commander O'Neil and his son Robert*

Center, Kansas. Armed with letters of recommendation from his professors, he landed the job. Residents of Clay Center and of Clay County still boast of the athletic accomplishments of their high school teams during the season of 1909-10. Clay County High School had a championship football team that year. Clay County High School for the first time in its existence had a basketball team which rode rough-shod over all its opponents and emerged victorious in the State finals played at the university at Lawrence. Clay County was grateful and expressed its gratitude by dedicating the 1910 High School Annual to its coach.

Part of the letter from Coach H. C. Yoxall of Baker which helped Dyke O'Neil to land his first and only job as coach is in a way a prophecy of the career which lay ahead: "Mr. O'Neil has not only the ability as a player but has the knack of imparting his knowledge to others . . . He is popular with his team mates and is able to get along well with others . . ."

There was little time for pranks after Ralph Thomas O'Neil, in 1910, entered Harvard Law School. His three years there were devoted to hard work and not being eligible for any of the varsity teams, he sought diversion in coaching and in playing on semi-pro football and baseball teams in the vicinity. It was while in Harvard that he first took an active interest in politics and as president of the Harvard Democratic Club campaigned for the Democratic national and state tickets in Massachusetts.

Receiving his LL.B. degree in 1913, O'Neil returned to Osage City and started the practice of law. The following year, the young lawyer ran for the office of County Attorney on the Democratic ticket and, emulating the example set by his distinguished father, won by a huge majority in a county overwhelmingly Republican in sentiment. In 1916 he repeated his vic-

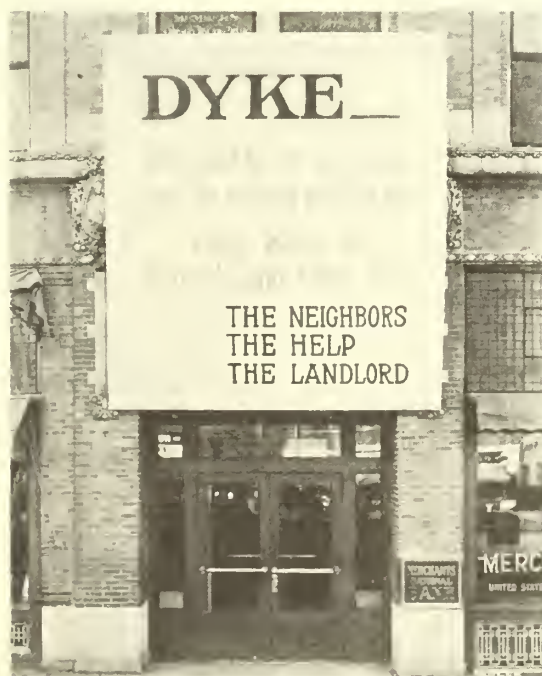
tory and was serving his second term when the United States entered the World War.

As a public official, Dyke O'Neil was exempt from service but he was not accustomed to being left out of big undertakings and he was accustomed to doing what he considered his duty. Resigning from his office, he entered the Reserve Officers Training Camp at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, in August, 1917, from which he emerged with a commission as First Lieutenant.

It was at this time that sorrow entered into O'Neil's life. His mother, to whom he was devoted, passed away, and his closest friend since boyhood, Bob Heizer, who entered camp with him, was assigned to a different outfit. Lieutenant Bob Heizer was sent overseas immediately, assigned to the 42nd Company, Fifth Regiment of Marines, and in his first battle in June, 1918, lost his life.

Lieutenant O'Neil joined the 11th Infantry, Fifth Division, in Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, and served continuously with that regiment through all its battles. He was transferred on May 6, 1919, shortly before his return to the States. Dyke O'Neil is not the kind of man to exploit his accomplishments, so it was necessary to resort to records and wartime friends to learn of his service. While engaged with his regiment in the last phase of the Meuse-Argonne offensive, Lieutenant O'Neil received his justly-won promotion to captain.

General Orders No. 21, Headquarters Fifth Division, A. E. F., signed by command of Major General Ely, includes this enlightening paragraph: "The following officers and enlisted men are cited in orders for distinguished conduct in action . . . Captain Ralph T. O'Neil, 11th Infantry. On the night of November 9th, 1918, while the 11th Infantry was advancing from its position between Brande ville and (Continued on page 50)



*Boston will be glad to learn that the O'Neil law offices at Topeka are in the New England building. The folks there said it with a signboard*



# THE ACCOUNTING

By Wallgren

*And So On and On and On*





# Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Tip Bliss



MRS. HENDERSON, who had an extreme tendency toward jealousy, came home from a brief visit out of town and spent the first couple of days after her arrival snooping about the house in an attempt to find evidence that her husband had been cutting up since her departure. For a while her efforts were unrewarded, but at last she located proof that she considered convincing. She bore it in triumph to Henderson.

"Look!" she gloated. "A blonde hair in the carpet sweeper! And I'm a brunette! How did it get there? Answer me that now!"

Friend husband quailed, but stood his ground.

"How did it get in the carpet sweeper?" he retorted. "How could I tell you? Madame, when will you ever learn that I don't know the first thing about machinery?"

A prospective tenant was being shown over an apartment, which was satisfactory in most respects, except for one room where the walls were badly stained. The landlord, noticing the direction of his glance, hastened to explain.

"You see, sir," he said, "this place was formerly occupied by a chemist. He invented a new explosive."

"And I suppose these spots are the result of his experiments?"

"Well, indirectly, yes—you see, that's the chemist."



A certain actor, who possessed a marvelous addiction to the flowing bowl, was coming back from a wild transcontinental tour of Europe, and determined to keep the party going right up to the point of docking. He succeeded nobly, and managed to remain unaware that the crossing was the roughest in years.

One storm hit the ship, tearing loose everything that was tearable, and creating such havoc that the captain judged it best to have all passengers on deck in case of emergency. A steward, making the rounds to rout everybody out, flung open the door of the actor's stateroom.

"Out of here, sir!" he shouted. "Out at once!"

The Thespian roused himself and cast a dismayed glance at the wreckage strewn about him.

"Listen," he pleaded, "this sort of thing would be terrible publicity for me. Bill me for double the damages and don't say anything about it."

The village cobbler had built up a reputation for himself for scattering little rays of sunshine around town until he got to be something of a pest. He was never known to speak harshly of anybody, and as all know, this everlasting human charity and optimism becomes tiresome after a while. One day he was severely taken to task by a friend.

"Bill," he said impatiently, "I believe you'd say a good word for the devil."

"Well," replied Bill, after some consideration, "his morals might leave something to wish for, but I've heard it said he's a very industrious fellow."



Into a swanky restaurant strode a stranger who, after the waiter had placed a glass of water on the table, calmly produced a sandwich from his pocket, unwrapped it and leisurely devoured it.

"If that isn't the biggest piece of nerve I ever saw!" the servitor grumbled. "Uses one of our tables, drinks out of one of our glasses—and brings his own sandwich. Of all the—"

But the patron had sprung from his chair, and was shaking his fists in rage above his head.

"And you call yourself a restaurant!" he bellowed. "A fine kind of restaurant! No music!"

There had been a long drought, the crops were drying on the ground and at last in desperation a committee of agriculturists called on an itinerant evangelist and begged him to pray for rain.

"We don't know whether you can do all you claim or not," the spokesman told him, "but we've been listening to you telling how you can get anything you want by praying for it. Go ahead and pray for rain."

"I will—I will," the evangelist promised, "but I'll wait a bit till the wind's more from the east."

The Pruitts had the reputation of being the world's ideally married couple, so on their silver anniversary friends gathered and in the course of the evening asked Mrs. Pruitt how it happened that she and her husband never quarreled.

"It's because we understand each other so perfectly," she beamed. "If we have a difference of opinion and I am right, Chauncey gives in at once."

"And if it is he who is in the right?"

The lady drew herself up. "In our twenty-five years of married life," she declared, "that's never happened."



A new watchman had been employed to sit up nights by the road construction job and see that nobody made away with the red lanterns or other paraphernalia. When he was due to be relieved after his first night on the job, the foreman approached and asked him if everything was all right.

"Well, boss," said the new hand modestly, "I don't want to brag about myself, but I don't think I've done so bad for a beginner. I checked up on everything just before you came, an' there's only one thing missing—the steam roller."

He was a little, decrepit shrimp of a man and she was a big husky woman. She had had him arrested after a domestic brawl and had accused him of giving her a black eye.

"But how," asked the judge, "could such a physical wreck as your husband give a fine big woman like you a black eye?"

The wife smiled proudly.

"Ah, but, your honor," she explained, "he wasn't a physical wreck till he gave me the black eye."

Simpkins was the village grouch and ne'er-do-well combined, and it was with considerable surprise that the neighbors heard he had gone in for bee-keeping. They couldn't associate him with anything having to do with work. After a couple of months one of them (one of the neighbors, that is, not one of the bees) met him on the street and asked him how the project was coming along.

"Great!" answered the perennial sore-head, rubbing his hands together enthusiastically. "Ain't got no honey out of 'em yet, but there ain't a kid for a mile around that ain't been stung."



A rural visitor to the great city had visited all the places mentioned in the catalog until, crammed full of the wonders he had seen, he was on the point of leaving. Just then, however, he beheld a sign he had missed:

"Embalmed whale. Admission 25 cents."

He bought a ticket and entered, gazing in awed contemplation at the monster of the deep. Finally his brow cleared. He had solved the riddle. He turned to the man beside him and tapped his shoulder.

"The fellow who caught that fish," he stated impressively, "is a liar!"





*Representatives of ten Allied nations gathered on the lawn before the home of Washington at Mount Vernon, Virginia, during the eleventh annual Congress of Fidac and its Auxiliary and the second to be held in this country. The delegates and guests made a tour of the eastern and middle western States*

# TEN YEARS, TEN NATIONS

*By Philip Von Blon*

JOHN BROWN stood on the sun-flooded hillside of Mount Vernon on an afternoon in late September. Behind him was the mansion in which George Washington had lived and died; before him, above the tops of the cypress trees, were the glimmering waters of the Potomac. Mr. Brown turned from the panorama of autumnal loveliness—the trees, the river and the distant shore—and pointed a camera at the columns of the white-painted colonial mansion.

"For the folks back home," he explained. "For the people back in Northamptonshire—in the Washington country of Old England where I come from. I am going back to Sulgrave Manor, where George Washington's ancestors had their seat, to show them these photographs of this little mountain and this house, because they would never forgive me if I failed to bring them. You know, we take as much interest in the Washingtons as you do here. We have preserved the reminders of them, as you have. There is Sulgrave Manor, of course, and there are other reminders of events centuries ago which were destined to change the course of history. The original Washingtons raised sheep and there came a time when nature was unkind to them. Creditors in those days were just as hard as today. Their estate passed from their hands and a Washington went to live in a cottage on which he placed, with the family's arms, an inscription: 'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.' It was the family reverses implied by these words which sent George Washington's great-

grandfather to Virginia, with consequences so powerful to the peoples of two continents."

He was Colonel John Brown, this stocky man with a close-cropped moustache and London accent, who was taking photographs of Mount Vernon as the September sun played tag with patches of cloud in a blue sky. He was Colonel John Brown, chairman of the British Legion. And he was not alone. He was one of the 125 men and women representing ten countries which had been allies in war twelve years ago, the delegates to the eleventh annual congress of Fidac—the Fédération Interalliée des Anciens Combattants—which was being held in Washington, D. C. With them were the women delegates to Fidac's Auxiliary, the mothers and wives and daughters of World War service men of ten nations. They had been transported swiftly from the heart of Washington in buses, along the winding historic highway that parallels the Potomac from Alexandria to Mount Vernon.

Colonel Brown is an architect and he specializes in school build-

ings. Something significant in this fact. Today, the constructive works of peace, which in a way epitomizes the history of Fidac; a dozen years ago, heading his battalion as it hung on grimly in Gallipoli singing an affectionate parody of "John Brown's Body" and roaring lustily its chorus of "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah." Colonel Brown took great interest in explaining the details of construction of Mount Vernon to former Bombardier Lister, the giant who has been secretary of the British Legion since it was organized. T. F. Lister, some inches



*Colonel Milan Radossavlievitch of Yugoslavia, President of Fidac, and Madame Julie Mazarak of Poland, Head of Fidac's Auxiliary*





*A picturesque ceremony during the Congress. Colonel Fred W. Abbot of Great Britain, retiring President, presenting the Fidac medal and diploma to Dr. Noel T. Dowling of Columbia University for its services during the past year in promoting world peace. Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, at the extreme left, and Professor William E. Dodd, next to him, accepted similar awards in behalf of the Universities of California and Chicago respectively. Dr. Stephen P. Duggan, Director of the Institute of International Education and a member of the award committee, is at the left of Col. Abbot, while General L. R. Gignilliat, who presented the committee's report, is next to Dr. Dowling*

over seven feet tall, an artilleryman, because no trench could possibly hide him. Other interesting British Legionnaires also—a couple of generals: General Sir Ian Hamilton, hero of Gallipoli, literary honors as thick upon him as the rows of medals upon his uniform, and General Beauchamp J. Doran, who had come to Washington from his farm on the southern tip of Ireland, with only the Atlantic Ocean between it and the United States. A bad growing season in Ireland, this year, with one downpour of rain after another so that crops rotted in the ground and all sorts of strange phenomena of things ripening ahead of or behind time or refusing to grow at all. Lady Edward Spencer Churchill, also, cheerful and motherly, as much at home in America as in London. She was first president of Fidac's Auxiliary.

In the front rank of the pilgrimage, Fidac's president, an Englishman who had made France his home since the war—a construction engineer before the war whose works are now scattered through the world—electrical plants, railways, power lines and harbor developments in the United States, water-works, drainage and canal systems in Mexico, electrification works in Spain. He is Colonel Fred W. Abbot. His wife was born and reared in St. Louis, Missouri—before her marriage, Miss Minnie Gamble, granddaughter of Missouri's Civil War governor. Colonel Abbot speaks French almost as well as his native tongue. He has guided this society of many nations with friendly precision, cordiality and humor. There have been misunderstandings that needed adjustment, decisions to be reached from differing viewpoints—and Colonel Abbot for ten years has been the mediator and harmonizer whose persuasive influence pervaded Fidac always.

This British delegation at Mount Vernon somehow expressed the spirit that is Fidac better than words can interpret it. And likewise, the delegations from each of the nine other foreign lands composing Fidac—France, Belgium, Italy, Rumania, Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Portugal, in addition to the United States. Gathered together on the lawn in front of Washington's home, these men and women, representatives of eight million veterans of the World War, embodied the hopes and

aspirations which are among the greatest of gains from the war.

A French delegate walked stiffly, carefully, with the aid of an artificial leg, beside an Italian delegate who also lost a leg in the common service. There were empty sleeves. Another French delegate, member of the Chamber of Deputies, did not see Mount Vernon. He was blind. So was the Rumanian delegate in the bright uniform, wearing the dark spectacles.

**M**OST of the delegates wore the blue cap of Fidac—a cap of the sort worn by hundreds of Legion posts. Few of them were in uniform. They did not differ greatly from an American group—clothing is much the same the world over in 1930. A Yugoslavian delegate had a full beard, closely trimmed, but he was the only one definitely exotic by Hollywood standards. It was hard to believe they represented ten countries as they posed for a group photograph in front of the mansion at Mount Vernon, strolled through the rooms of the old house and assembled beside Washington's tomb. It would have been easy to believe they represented Legion posts or Rotary Clubs from different parts of the United States. Yet among them were leading military and political figures of Europe—statesmen, members of nobility and the parliaments of France, Belgium, Poland, Rumania, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia.

The life story and wartime career of almost any one of them was a drama. Many of them recalled fighting side by side with the Americans a dozen years ago. Lieutenant General Raoul Pontus of Belgium, for example, chief of artillery of the Belgian army during the war, saw the 37th Division of the A. E. F. push on to the final victory on the Belgian front just before the Armistice.

Colonel Joseph Vavroch, Vice-president from Czechoslovakia, was one of the leaders in the epic march of the Czechoslovak Legion across Siberia to Vladivostok, while the American expeditionary force was holding things tight in Siberia. Colonel Vavroch remembers particularly that a football team of his own outfit beat an American team on a frozen field at Irkutsk. He stopped at Manila in 1920 when the (Continued on page 45)



# From a HOSPITAL BED

By John Palmer Cumming

**H**IS name was Brogan and he was from Brooklyn. Since I'm a sort of permanent resident in one of the so-called hospital sick-rooms, my roommates are all transients. They take their operations, recover and then depart.

They shot Brogan in on me about two weeks ago. He had come over for a minor operation. They clipped his phrenic nerve so that his left lung would collapse and ease up the involvement there. It was over in ten minutes and he "never felt it." But he needed at least another year in bed.

From the time he came in here until this afternoon he couldn't figure out what he was going to do. Never have I seen such a bunch of all-fired fidgetiness. He had been in a dozen hospitals. He wanted his wife to join him here. He wanted to go back to Brooklyn. He wanted to stand a civil service examination for a position in Los Angeles and he wrote out there for information about hospitals. He changed his mind and his brand of cigarettes.

Today I turned over to take my necessary and enforced afternoon hospital nap. Brogan, at the moment, was reading.

I awoke at the end of the rest period and there was Brogan out of his pajamas and fully dressed. He was piling my bedside table with books, toilet water, face powder, shaving cream, postage stamps and stationery. Giving them to me.

"What's the idea?" I inquired.

"Traveling light, boy! I'm catching the five o'clock train for New York."

"You're what?"

"Going absent without leave. Checking out. Showing the place my rotunda. To hell with this laying up in bed. I can do that home."

And he went.

Later I heard that they had unloaded a truckful of lumber somewhere nearby and it had disturbed his sleep, made him nervous, got him thinking. The agitation had climaxed in his hurried departure from one of Uncle Sam's best and finest equipped Veterans Bureau hospitals. Some day Brogan will come back, and I hope not too late.

So passed my fifteenth roommate of the year I have spent on my back in a Veterans Bureau hospital bed. There were exactly 179 Brogans who went AWOL from this hospital in the year I have been here as a patient.

Brogan is not a typical case or a typical patient, but he heads this account as an outstanding example of the fact that the hospital gates swing outward, not inward; that the guards on those gates don't stop the man who is using the gates as exits, but that something does seem to slow up the fellows who ought to be coming in.

One little wife who lives just outside the reservation, and who stands with a whole company of other wives waiting for the gates to open for visiting hours and a glimpse of her husband, has always looked upon those guards and those iron gates as insurmountable barriers, no less cruel to her than the bars of a modern jail. Of course, all hospitals regulate visiting hours. But once in a flippant conversation with the officer in charge she told him how she felt about it. His remark is typical.

"Don't call it a jail. It is much harder to get into a Veterans Bureau Hospital than it is to get out."

And that's my story. It is hard to get in. And the difficulty begins with the man. He must begin by recognizing the fact that his old anatomy is going hang and needs tinkering. He has to quit kidding himself that he's O. K. And that is some

*Illustration by William Heaslip*

job. Even then, he has to go through the ordeal of spending money on private doctors and private hospitals.

That seems to be a regular routine which all of the patients I have met have followed. They spend their last dollar on private attention before they turn to Uncle Sam. Then after they go through that routine, they have to break away from their jobs; they have to turn their backs on their families; they have to be accepted by a Regional Office; they have to wait for their turn at a bed—and, in the end, they have to realize, although they hate like blue snakes to realize it, that they have waited too darn long.

So the doctor shakes his head and asks the old, old question: "Why on earth didn't you come in sooner?"

"If you were writing this article," I asked the chief nurse, "what do you think would be the most important piece of news to give the man outside the hospital?"

She hesitated before she answered. I had already made up my mind what to write about. I was hoping that the same thing would click with her just as it had been clicking with me since I came here. Of course she hesitated. Two years of war service, after that the United States Public Health Service—you'll remember it preceded the Veterans Bureau—these thirteen years of government hospital work were weighted heavily with experiences, and now, as chief nurse at the head of Uncle Sam's most widely boosted hospital, it was no easy question to answer.

"I think," she said (and how remarkably well it clicked), "I think it is a crime that here as late as 1930 more than half of the boys who come here had no idea that they were entitled to such splendid hospitalization until it was too late."

"Do you know," she told me with a laugh, "my own brother was in the service. Not long ago he had to undergo an emergency operation. I knew about it. We all knew about it and talked about it at home. Although I have had eleven years of post-war government service, it never entered his mind and it never entered my mind to tell him that he could have come here and saved himself every cent of a very badly needed four hundred dollars."

**B**RING it right down to your own front porch. Do you know that as a veteran of the World War, your honorable discharge entitles you to Veterans Bureau treatment for any disability regardless of its origin or cause? Well, it does. You can go to any Veterans Bureau Regional Office and, with any complaint from floating eyebrows to galloping dandruff, you can have the best treatment Uncle Sam's best hospitals know how to give. Only two things can delay your entrance—first, preference is given to the man who is financially unable to get attention elsewhere; and, secondly, the hospital must have the room and the facilities. So, before you come rushing in to have your ears flattened, it may be a good idea to inquire about those two deterrents.

You may be one of the fortunate fifty per cent who know that when a crack-up comes they can turn to Uncle Sam. But do you realize that the other fifty per cent numbers just about two and a quarter million men who do not know it?

Let's come down to cases. I have been in a Veterans Bureau hospital for a year. In that year they have performed exactly 288 operations on occupants who have passed through my small ward. Naturally, most of the patients were transients from all walks of life. They have told me, almost to a man, that they did not have the slightest idea that the Veterans Bureau hos-





*He was piling the table with books, toilet water, face powder, shaving cream. "I'm checking out—catching the five o'clock train for New York," he explained*

pitals would receive them unless their disabilities were service connected.

Out of these men a full seventy-five per cent have told me that they spent sums varying from fifty to a thousand dollars in private hospitals which could not begin to give the thorough treatment they are receiving here. Fully fifty per cent learned for the first time that their troubles were in all likelihood of war-service origin, and by reason of the assistance given them by American Legion service representatives, contact officers and the Veterans Bureau, they were able to file claims for compensation—claims which they would not have known a thing about had they not turned to Uncle Sam for treatment.

And, saddest of all, an inestimable number turned into those iron gates after their last dollar had gone, leaving behind them families that had to turn to relatives or to charity for existence. Only this week a faithful little woman who had nursed her sick husband for two years, and who had spent their last dollar on doctor's bills, brought her soldier here with a faint hope that his life could be saved. After her husband was comfortably settled in a hospital bed she had to admit that she had only forty-five cents on which to face life alone.

And of all these men in government hospitals an inestimable number have hesitated a long time and have come here with their tongues in their cheeks, secretly fearing an iron-clad military discipline, shuddering at the guards at the gate, wincing at the

doctor's command to "ah" and groaning at the thought of C.C. pills and iodine.

After reciting such cases of destitution and want, it may sound unusual to say that the Veterans Bureau hospitals are filled with men from the white-collar and professional classes. Too often, when one speaks of poverty, he pictures the poor that are always with us—the bread lines, the charity beneficiary, the slums, and the fringed coat-sleeves of the man long out of work.

Come along the ward with me and meet some of the cases. Here are three physicians, now patients, one a heart and lung specialist, all members of the American Medical Association, men who had profitable incomes and a prominent clientele. Why are they here? The answer is the same for them as it is for the bank examiner in Room 7, the civil engineer in 28, the real estate man in 18, the three lawyers, the head of a prominent newspaper service, and others of similar rank in civilian and social life.

Why are some of such men drawing free haircuts, free Red Cross cigarettes, monthly issues of toilet articles and supplies? Why are they receiving one dollar a month as a welcome dole from The American Legion Auxiliary for their spending money? Why? Simply because they, too, spent all they had on private medical attention and their families before they dropped in their tracks and came here as a last resort. But as they think it over now, you can imagine how sadly they (Continued on page 60)



# KEEPING STEP

**B**Y TELEGRAM from every State in the Union there came to Indianapolis on November 18, 1930, figures which indicated that in 1931 The American Legion will surpass its 1930 record-breaking enrollment of 880,000, which itself was a gain of 100,000 over the year before. The telegrams conveyed to National Commander Ralph T. O'Neil and National Adjutant James F. Barton the fact that on that day exactly 236,879 Legionnaires stood enrolled for the new year, thirty percent of the quota set for the entire year. The telegrams were received during the annual conference of Department Commanders and Adjutants.

Ten departments shared especial glory in the roll call by enrolling more than 40 percent of their expected 1931 totals. Wisconsin led all the rest, reporting 20,282 members already signed up, almost 68 percent of its expected total. Kansas was close behind, with 13,156 enrolled, or 63 percent of its hoped-for final enrollment. The others of the first ten were: Rhode Island, 1,704, 54 percent; Louisiana, 4,658, 52 percent; West Virginia, 4,126, 45.78 percent; Alabama, 3,660, 45.64 percent; Florida, 4,392, 45.55 percent; Minnesota, 11,000, 44.99 percent, and California, 20,586, 40.51 percent.

## Battle Orders

**T**HE surprisingly good membership showing gave inspiration to the department officials from every State who attended a series of conferences at National Headquarters. In addition to the conference of Department Commanders and Adjutants there were held the meeting of the National Executive Committee and meetings of the National Americanism Commission, the Legion's National Child Welfare Committee and the Presidents and Secretaries of The American Legion Auxiliary. Battle orders for 1931 in every field of Legion activity were drawn up at the meetings.

National Commander O'Neil in addresses to all the assemblies emphasized his determination to see that all the Legion's energy and resources would be placed at the disposal of the Government in the effort to alleviate the unemployment situation. Committees submitted recommendations on Legion employment co-operation. It was announced that the Legion's National Employment Commission, headed by Past National Commander Howard P. Savage, would carry out the plans determined upon. Telegrams expressing the Legion's desire to help in the emergency were sent to President Hoover and Arthur Woods, head of the federal



*Lynn (Massachusetts) Post can keep warm all winter on the memory of its annual clambake. Clams and roasting ears prove that the Pilgrim Fathers knew a good landing place*

effort against unemployment. The National Executive Committee selected September 21, 22, 23 and 24 as the dates for the 1931 national convention to be held in Detroit, Michigan. It was announced that the Canadian Legion would probably hold its national convention coincidentally in Windsor, Ontario, Detroit's sister city.

## Legislation

**T**HE National Executive Committee adopted a major national legislative program, directing that the Legion concentrate its efforts to obtain passage of certain urgently-needed measures while placing upon a "deferred list" recommendations for additional legislation embodied in a hundred resolutions adopted by the Boston convention. Prominent on the priority list is a bill that would give to disabled World War veterans, unable to prove service connection of their disabilities, disability allowances equal to the payments now made to veterans of the Spanish-American War. Equal payments for widows and orphans of World War service men are also called for in this bill.

Another measure would provide for payment of compensation to families of men undergoing care and treatment in Government hospitals, although disability is not of service connection.

A third important bill would establish presumptive service connection for chronic constitutional and analogous diseases shown to have existed to a disabling degree prior to January 1, 1925.

Reinstatement of Government insurance by disabled men who are suffering from disabilities not permanent and total at time of application would be provided in another measure.

Inspired by the fact that thousands of men are waiting for admission to hospitals and are unable to gain admission because of a lack of beds, another measure would make it mandatory upon the Veterans Bureau to provide sufficient beds for all patients, regardless of whether or not disability is service connected and irrespective of the cause of disability.

Priority effort will also be made to obtain legislation for 13,204 new hospital beds recommended by the Boston convention.

## Club for Everybody

**T**HE center of all community life in Lake Providence, Louisiana, is the clubhouse of Powell-Martin-Barrett Post of The American Legion. On the shores of beautiful Lake Providence stands this building, a large Colonial house, built originally as the home of a lumber manufacturer, who personally selected for it the finest cypress, curly pine, mahogany and oak.





*Fighting planes of the 11th Bombardment Group from Rockwell Field dropped flowers on soldiers' graves in cemeteries near Los Angeles in the aerial observance of Memorial Day conducted by the aviation committee of the Twentieth California District of The American Legion*

"Our post bought this house in October, 1929, to fill the need of a community center," writes Dr. William H. Hamley. "Twenty members of the post each volunteered to contribute \$1,000, payable in ten equal yearly installments. Annual memberships to those outside the Legion were sold at \$36 a year. The building has been remodeled and a dining room for the post and citizens generally has been opened. Attractions include a bathing beach, playgrounds for children, boating and fishing. Persons of all ages find amusement and recreation at the club. We are always glad to welcome Legionnaire visitors from out of town."

### *Faith Afar*

**F**REDERICK A. WHITE, Adjutant of Arthur L. Peterson Post of Long Beach, California, broadcasts that his outfit is proud to claim the most faithful Legionnaire in the whole Legion. "He is George Pappasotiriou, now living at Levidon, Arcadia, Greece," writes Mr. White. "He served at the Presidio in San Francisco during the war, joined our post after the ruckus and went back to Greece on a visit. While in Greece he was injured in an accident and lost the sight of both eyes. He is still there. Try to beat him for a man who is vitally interested in the Legion. He cannot attend meetings and he never expects to get

back here. He has no chance for any personal benefit of any sort. But he sends in his six bucks regularly and he wants to know all that we are doing. We think of him, blind and more than five thousand miles from the scenes he can see now only in memory, and we realize something of the true meaning of friendship and loyalty."



*Powell-Martin-Barrett Post of Lake Providence, Louisiana, bought this fine home and transformed it into a community club. In it are finest cypress, mahogany and oak, selected by a lumber manufacturer who built it as his home*

### *Tags You'll Recognize*

**W**HEN you are driving along a highway and you come up behind an automobile bearing license tag number 1 of your State, you may or may not know to whom the car belongs. The chances are you do, because it is human nature to be curious about those low-numbered tags. In Pennsylvania you may encounter a car bearing a regulation tag without numbers, with simply the letters "AL" where numbers ordinarily appear. It's the tag of the Department Commander of The American Legion. The first Department Commander to receive it was Frank L. Pinola of Wilkes-Barre. When Mr. Pinola gets his new tag for 1931, however, it will have a number on it in addition

to the two letters. The first sixty numbers in the "AL" series of Pennsylvania tags have been supplied to Past Department Commanders, District Commanders and chairmen of department committees. Benjamin Eynon, Pennsylvania's registrar of motor





*Jackson, Mississippi, centers its architectural pride on its State Capitol and its sartorial pride on the drum and bugle corps of Henry H. Graves Post. The outfit has distinguished itself by its sturdy refusal to play mammy songs*

vehicles, made the Legion tag assignments when the State in 1930 adopted a new system, using both letters and numerals.

### *When the Fish Left*

LIKE Niagara Falls and the Grand Canyon of Arizona, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, is one of the country's show spots. Everybody comes to it, sooner or later. Legionnaires now visiting this city where Michigan says hello to Ontario across foaming rapids and a series of huge locks will find Ira D. MacLachlan Post ready to welcome them in a new home. And not an ordinary home either, as J. S. Howell, Vice-Commander, indicates.

"The State of Michigan moved its fish hatchery to other parts and turned its building over to us for a clubhouse," writes Mr. Howell. "The boys turned out in working parties, removed the concrete fish troughs and painted the upper floors. The Auxiliary unit provided the club-rooms with rugs and furniture and the post bought the Auxiliary an electric range for the kitchen. We were running short of money by this time, so the county supervisors gave us \$2,000 which we are using for a heating plant and hardwood floors. We are all set for visitors now."

### *The Snakebite Detail*

THERE are plenty of new ways to meet sudden death in this day and age, but in Texas today citizens occasionally die in a way which was old-fashioned when Athens was just a boom town and Rome was sending its go-getters toward the mysterious Rhine. The Texas rattlesnake of today is as efficient as the asp and the adder of the ancients. Travis Post of Austin, Texas, learned this and a lot more when it sponsored a lecture on snakes and snake-

bite by Colonel M. L. Crimmins, a retired Army officer. So impressed were Austin Posters by Colonel Crimmins' facts and statistics that they voted forthwith to publish a booklet embodying Colonel Crimmins' information, for distribution to posts through Texas and elsewhere, and to make an energetic campaign at home.

"As one feature of our post's safety campaign, which includes work to reduce traffic accidents, fires and other common causes of injury and fatalities, a dozen members of our post have volunteered to give their blood for transfusion to save the lives of victims of snakebite in Travis County," reports Ralph Bickler, Post Historian. "The names and telephone numbers of these men have been posted at all the hospitals. Please remind posts anywhere that we will gladly send copies of the booklet on treatment of snakebite."



*Washington's Headquarters in 1777, built in 1714, is now the home of Dixon Post at Fort Washington, Pa. Is it the oldest Legion clubhouse?*

Nebraska Department of The American Legion, issued to all the posts of his State a call to arms. "Organize for community defense," Mr. Poteet urged his posts. "Get rifles and other firearms, keep available for instant call automobiles as fast as any

### *Nebraska Fights Back*

BANK robbery seemed to have become a merry sport in Nebraska this summer. Bandits in fast motor cars were raiding banks in town after town, and towns which had not been visited were wondering how soon they would go through the familiar experience of seeing swashbuckling pluguglies with sawed-off shot guns and automatic pistols enact a miniature reign of terror. In one week eight Nebraska banks were robbed by auto bandits, and the loss to one of the banks was three quarters of a million dollars.

This unparalleled week of crime in a normally peaceful State brought the remedy which everyone had been hoping for. Marcus L. Poteet, about to start a year as Department Commander of the Nebraska Department of The American Legion, issued to all the posts of his State a call to arms. "Organize for community defense," Mr. Poteet urged his posts. "Get rifles and other firearms, keep available for instant call automobiles as fast as any





*Under the auspices of Fidac's Auxiliary and the personal leadership of Princess Cantacuzene, President of the Auxiliary, orphans of service men from all Allied countries took part in a pilgrimage to Paris. Princess Cantacuzene appears at right under the banner of her native Rumania*

the bandits can use, make plans for just what you do if you are called upon to repel invaders and possibly chase them far over country roads, co-operate fully with sheriffs and police."

There are three hundred Nebraska posts and twenty thousand Legionnaires. The response to Commander Poteet's call was surprisingly quick. From one end of the State to the other reports came of posts organizing and drilling as vigilantes. Newspapers over the whole country published accounts of the protective efforts. The motion picture photographers of the topical reviews cranked their cameras to make film of the vigilantes which were shown in movie theaters everywhere. And the results were evident.

A month after his original call Commander Poteet was able to count fifty-seven posts fully organized as vigilantes and many others in process of organizing.

"A surprising change has taken place," Mr. Poteet commented. "It may or may not be significant that in the thirty days since we started organizing only one bank robbery has occurred. The loss in this was less than \$1,000 and one of the robbers is in jail. Before the Legion call to arms it was difficult for local peace officers to form a posse to capture bandits. In this latest robbery a posse of one thousand men was formed and the bandit was captured in less than twenty-four hours."

### *Better Bodies*

**F**OUR thousand boys and girls of the town and country schools of Craven County, North Carolina, raised their arms simultaneously. Then, all together, they bent forward, with hands extended straight in front of them. In unison they dropped their extended arms until their fingers touched the ground. It was just the first exercise in the field day demonstration given by the schools—a

demonstration which reflected the remarkable way in which underdeveloped boys and girls had profited by the system of physical education introduced in the county schools under the leadership of Donerson-Hawkins Post of New Bern.

"More than two years ago, the county school officials asked Donerson-Hawkins Post to appoint a committee to prepare a plan of physical education for all the schools of our county,"

relates Tom C. Daniels, Post Adjutant, who for fifteen years had been a physical director and coach of football and baseball teams. "The post didn't go at this work half-heartedly.

It published a twenty-page booklet embodying the complete plan for physical education. The booklet included detailed instructions on exercises suitable for all grades. Copies of the booklet were given to all school teachers."



*The American Legion Community Building at Hellertown, Pennsylvania, was erected by Edward H. Ackerman Post at a cost of \$80,000. The town's population is 4,000*

### *Mid-Ocean Duel*

**C**ATCHING black bass in the still and deep waters of a tree-lined river in Ohio is one thing and hooking a swordfish while bounding over the waves of the Pacific is another. For magnified thrills, try the swordfish hunt, advises Captain John Rowan of Fort Shafter, Hawaii, sending the story of the capture of the 152-pound monster, shown on the succeeding page, by his friend, Captain Martin L. Kelley.

"Captain Kelley was seated comfortably in his swivel chair on a Japanese sampan—a boat powered by a semi-Diesel engine—when his reel began a whining shriek," writes Captain Rowan. "The boat was stopped and thrown into reverse—in the direction of the fast-disappearing line. That moment marked the beginning of a mid-ocean battle, a duel in which mind and machinery triumphed over elemental strength. Over 400 yards was run off before a semblance of control could be obtained; this despite





*Hawaiian Legionnaires have something to say on the subject of "best fishing." Here is Captain Martin L. Kelley of Fort Shafter with the 152-pound Marlin swordfish which he got after two hours and eighteen minutes of Homeric battle*

efforts to maneuver the boat in the direction the fish was traveling. The line slacked for about ten seconds and then, fully 450 yards from the boat, there flashed into the air the giant fish. Then followed a spectacular battle to the finish. Again and again the swift fighting swordfish returned to the surface, describing great arcs through the air, clearing the water completely several times, and dashing to the surface for peculiar brief splashing runs with several feet of its huge body exposed in a vain effort to shake off the hook. To prevent possible line breakage the boat was compelled to travel over many miles of sea. The swordfish constantly tried to circle the sampan, a maneuver that, if successful, would certainly have severed the line, which was a 24-strand, 48-pound test.

"At times the great fish would sulk. Not an inch could be gained on the reel. Captain Kelley three times brought the trophy within fifty yards of the fishing craft, only to witness the swordfish whirl and dash madly to sea with from two to three hundred yards of line again off the reel.

"An interesting sidelight was the presence of another large swordfish which dashed madly through the water, presumably seeking the adversary his mate had encountered. Two hours and eighteen minutes of Homeric battle elapsed before the swordfish was reeled to the side of the sampan. Just as the fish was drawn over the side, the steel leader attached to the big hook parted."

### *The Legion and Youth*

OF FOUR thousand posts which returned answers to a questionnaire sent out by National Headquarters several months ago, the majority were engaged in everyday works for boys and girls. Posts numbering 3,507 conducted junior baseball programs; 222 sponsored junior rifle clubs; 3,530 organized Boy Scout troops; 185 gave marble-shooting

contests; 107 staged dog derbies and dog shows for boys, 175 bicycle races and 385 birdhouse contests. C. M. T. C. appointments were recommended by 3,235 posts. In general child welfare work, 3,122 posts engaged, while 520 conducted baby clinics and 800 provided milk for undernourished children. In the schools, medals for scholarship and character were awarded by 3,245 posts, while 2,312 gave flags to schools and 665 erected school flagpoles.

Looking toward the day when America shall regain the natural resources she has wasted, 670 posts have planted trees and maintained forests, while 125 posts have control of State forest preserves, 655 have stocked lakes and streams with fish, 245 have established wild life refuges. Legion hunts to destroy crows, hawks and wild life vermin were conducted by 535 posts, while 1,060 posts work with game clubs.



*The Auxiliary provides plenty of play all day long for the little sons and daughters of disabled service men in the National Home hospital at Johnson City, Tennessee*

### *Honoring 70,000*

SEVENTY thousand Elks served in the World War. Mindful of that fact the B. P. O. E. has consistently helped The American Legion in its activities for American disabled service men. Now it has given another evidence that it has not forgotten the spirit of 1917 and '18. The order voted at its annual meeting held in Atlantic City to give \$30,000 for The American Legion's memorial building in Paris to commemorate the service of Elks in the war.

### *Ten Dollars a Year*

WHEN any Legion post wants to nail up a record which no other Legion post can tear down, it has to do some mighty hammering. The Step Keeper passed along the news some months ago that El Paso (Illinois) Post charges dues of \$8 a year, possibly the highest in the Legion. Up steps Lambert Fairchild, Past Commander of Captain Belvidere Brooks Post of New York City, with the information that his own



outfit's dues of \$10 a year are paid cheerfully by 200 members. Incidentally, Mr. Fairchild does the announcing for the post's radio programs given each Wednesday at 6 p. m. over Station WHN in New York City.

### *Toothaches and Pocketbooks*

IT'S one thing and then another, and finally, perhaps, the family budget refuses to allow any more unanticipated expenditures. That's just the time when little Johnny gets a toothache. Johnny's toothache won't stop just because the family can't afford to pay dental charges.

Harvey W. Seeds Post of Miami, Florida, learned some time ago that there were among Miami's school children many who weren't getting urgently-needed dental attention because of impaired family finances. The post launched an enterprise which is now making dental treatment available to every schoolchild in Miami whose parents are unable to pay private dentists. Post Commander W. H. Green, who got the idea for the enterprise, won the support of the Parent-Teachers Association and the Miami Dental Society. The first Legion dental clinic in Miami had been operating thirty-two working days when Commander Green reported results.

"The Parent-Teachers Association made an initial donation of \$25 for each school," records Mr. Green. "The dental society loaned the chair, cabinet and engine, and guaranteed the payment of half of the dentist's salary. Our post guaranteed payment of the other half of the dentist's salary and the cost of material and operating costs over and above the material. The city government provides the room, the electricity and water. Only children up to and including the age of twelve are cared for and only those whose parents are financially unable to pay a private dentist. A nominal charge—fifty cents—is made except where parents are unable to pay even this small sum. In thirty-two working days of three hours each the clinic has treated 312 children. Extractions numbered 136 and fillings 119."

### *Philadelphia Holiday*

ARMISTICE Day of 1930 was a school holiday in Philadelphia for the first time and twelve thousand high school students were guests of the Philadelphia County Council of The American Legion at a football game between the Quantico Marines and an all-star team representing the Legion. The Legion team won in the final moment of play on a long forward pass. This thrill was only one of many in the whole celebration of the holiday, reports Fabian F. Levy, District Commander, who adds that 40,000 persons saw the game played at Franklin Field. Receipts were divided between the Marines, for use in connection with the school for children of men stationed at Quantico, and the Legion, for county welfare work. Before the game three thousand Marines paraded, headed by General Butler. They also put on drills in the stadium. Addresses in Independence Square and a series of social events for the Marines and their wives helped make the day memorable.

### *Coming Up*

LEGIONNAIRE Governors are no longer rare, as the Boston national convention proved, but Georgia rises, in the person of its Department Historian, Dr. J. M. Toomey of Atlanta, to call attention to the fact that that State's new chief executive, Legionnaire Richard B. Russell, Jr., is only thirty-two years old. Dr. Toomey wonders if that isn't an age record not only among the Legionnaire Governors but among all Governors. He adds that Russell surprised everybody by his victory, because he is a

Sunday School teacher who really practices what he teaches and is not a seasoned gladiator of the political arena.

Russell is the son of the chief justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia and is one of a family of thirteen boys and girls. He was born November 2, 1897. He was graduated from the University of Georgia, in which he won many honors. He enlisted in 1918 at the age of twenty and served as an apprenticed seaman in a naval unit. After the war he obtained his law degree from the University of Georgia, served as county attorney, was elected Representative from Barrow County at the age of twenty-two and became speaker of the House of Representatives.

Wisconsin supplies another Legionnaire Governor almost as young as Georgia's. He is Philip F. LaFollette, who is thirty-three, a member of William B. Cairns Post of Madison, Wisconsin. Other new Legionnaire Governors are Wilber M. Brucker of Michigan and Harry Woodring of Kansas. Mr. Woodring, a Past Commander of the Kansas Department, had as his opponents two other Legionnaires, one, Frank Haucke, also a Past Department Commander, the other, Dr. John R. Brinkley, who came into statewide prominence by his use of the radio. Woodring won by a few hundred votes and the result was in doubt for several days, while the vote was being checked.

### *Bedside Service*

TO THE clinics of Mayo Brothers at Rochester, Minnesota, come each month many hundreds of patients from all parts of the country, and William T. McCoy Post of The American Legion is ever busy giving help to World War service men among them.

"Our records show that in the past twelve months 523 service men patients were located in the various hospitals here," writes Kathryn Lentfer, executive secretary of the post's welfare bureau. "They came from thirty-four States. Our representatives made 3,831 visits to service men in the hospitals and wrote 1,500 letters in their behalf. We feel happy over the many letters expressing appreciation which have come to us from the home posts of the men we have helped."

### *Poems and the Man*

THE name of Joyce Kilmer will live forever in history, sustained by the poems he wrote before he was killed along the Ourcq in July of 1918 while fighting with the 27th Division. In New Brunswick, New Jersey, Joyce Kilmer's birthplace, the memories of his poems will be no greater than the recollections of the man. Joyce Kilmer

Post of The American Legion in New Brunswick has purchased Mr. Kilmer's birthplace as its clubhouse and as a literary and patriotic shrine. Dr. Frederick B. Kilmer and Mrs. Kilmer, parents of the soldier poet, and his widow and children were the post's guests at the dedication of the clubhouse. Two of Kilmer's best known poems are "Trees" and "Rouge Bouquet."

### *The Roll Call*

CONTRIBUTORS to this issue of the Monthly represent a half dozen American Legion posts. Alexander Woolcott, who was the myopic battle correspondent of the *Stars and Stripes*, belongs to Savenay Post of New York City. Reginald M. MacKinnon is Commander of Atley H. Cook Post of Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Frederick Palmer is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City. So is Marquis James. Daniel Willard is a member of Baltimore and Ohio Post. John J. Noll is a member of Capitol Post of Topeka, Kansas. National Commander O'Neil's own post, John R. White, superintendent of Sequoia and General Grant National Parks in California, is a member of Big Tree Post. Philip Von Blon belongs to Wyandot Post of Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

RIGHT GUIDE



*Martin Ellingson Post of Canton, South Dakota, provided food for the 18,000 spectators who crowded into its town of 3,000 last February for the annual ski tournament. On this hill ski champions leap 180 feet through space*



# PACEMAKERS

By  
REGINALD  
M. MAC KINNON



THE most thrilling sport I know of is ice boating. Given a clear and hard ice surface, a good wind and a good boat, you can pack more thrills into a few minutes of sailing before the wind than you can combine in all the other games of sport together, plus stunting in an airplane, gliding and roller coasting. To come rushing down the course more than four times as fast as the wind at your back, the ice chips cut by the runners coming back at you at a steady clip, and then as you take the wide turn feel the boat lift clear of the ice and seem to jump right out from you—well, you ought to try it. We'd like to show you all something about it the first Sunday in February, when the Northwestern Ice Yachting Association holds its meeting on Lake Winnebago, Wisconsin.

Our Atley H. Cook Post of the Legion at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, has eight large ice boats and several small ones. One of our members, Johnny Buckstaff, is skipper of Debutante 111, which has never been headed in its years of international competition. Johnny is a good ice-boat builder, too, although he didn't make the Debutante 111. It came from Poughkeepsie, New York, and was made by the famous builder Buckout for Douglas VanDyke of Milwaukee.

Of the more than seventy-five members of the Oshkosh Yacht Club about two-thirds own ice boats and sail them each winter.

Ice boats have a windward and a leeward runner, the latter cutting into the ice and the windward one just skimming it. The runners are generally of duralumin, a light, strong metal developed for airplane construction. The blades, of tool steel, must be sharpened about once a month to give them the proper ice cutting edge. When the boats are on the triangular course the inside or leeward boat has the right of way and it takes some smart maneuvering to get around the buoys and stay in the race, which is usually three times around the course, or about twelve miles. Class A boats have 350 square feet of sail, considerably less than Debu-



tante 111, which has 650 square feet. And the Debutante is not the largest boat, though she's the fastest. She successfully defended the Stuart International Cup last winter in competition with the Wolverine of the Kalamazoo Ice Boat Club in a series of races on Gull Lake, Michigan. She is twenty-eight feet wide, and is steered by a large wheel similar to an automobile steering wheel. The wheel was built in to help the tender of the main sheet "take it in." It would be utterly impossible for anyone to pull in that sheet of canvas with tackle under strong wind, so the builder put in the wheel. Another fine boat is the Flying Dutchman, with a sail spread of 450 square feet. It was built in Oshkosh by Johnny Buckstaff and Camp VanDyke three years ago.

The average time over a twelve-mile race course is forty miles an hour, caused by the slower time and distance needed to be covered on the beat to windward. I myself have done 125 miles an hour in my Blue Bill, which was our Class A champion of our association for three years and is still one of the fastest in competition. Our Northwestern Association is composed of eight clubs in Wisconsin and Michigan. We try to interest the youngsters, who take to the sport with enthusiasm and sail their own small boats.

Why can an ice boat go faster than the wind? Why is it that in a thirty-mile-an-hour wind an ice boat can go 125 miles an hour?

To travel 125 miles an hour in a thirty-mile wind can only be done under ideal conditions. The leeward runner which cuts the ice, holds the boat from being pushed side-wise. The wind hits the sail at an angle, forming a wedge—the wind on one side and runner on the other. To escape the pressure wedge, the boat takes the course of least resistance, which is forward. A simple example is to hold the sharpened end of a pencil in your hand and squeeze it forward. Pressure from one side will cause it to shoot ahead.

The fastest ride I ever experienced was in 1928 when Smaltz



# to the WIND



*They laugh at old man winter's icy blasts on Lake Winnebago, Wisconsin, where ice-boating is a major sport each year. Legionnaires of Oshkosh and other nearby communities take a leading part in the activities of the Northwestern Ice Yachting Association, the start of one of whose races is shown here. In circle on opposite page, the Blue Bill, owned and piloted by Legionnaire MacKinnon, rounding the home buoy at ninety-five miles an hour*

Frederick, an active member of our post, and myself were out in the Blue Bill with a strong northwest wind, ideal for speed. We started east across the lake and were timed nine miles in four minutes. The wind was so strong we broke a runner in coming about on the opposite shore. In fact, nine ice boat enthusiasts rode back to the club house on the crippled boat with just the jib. You can crowd four people into the cockpit of most boats, but only two, the skipper and tender of the main sheet, are carried during races.

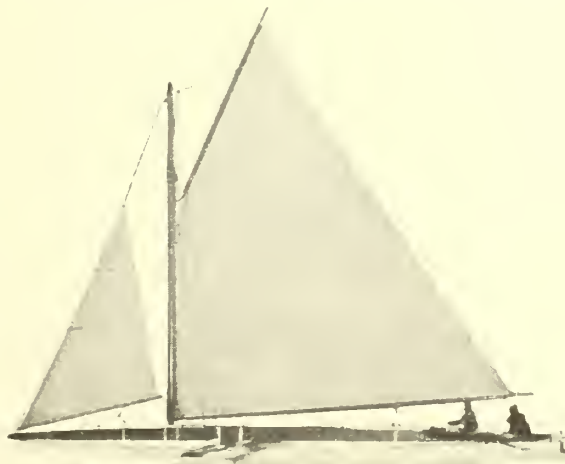
IN THE northern States of the United States and in the provinces of Canada within the past quarter century people have come to regard cold weather as a blessing rather than a handicap. Skiing, snowshoeing and in many other communities besides ours ice boating have come to have the same sort of significance as basketball in Indiana and golf, horseshoe pitching and deep sea fishing in Florida. Anyone who has attended carnivals in Canada will understand just how well winter can be made to pay sport and health dividends. And many a Legionnaire will remember how in childhood double runners brought so much enjoyment on the trip down the hill that it was worth the effort required to pull them back up the hill.

In most of these Northern States the season when ice boating is practicable is limited to something less than four weeks. In Wisconsin, Michigan and the provinces of Canada adjacent to them, it is a bit longer and you can imagine we drag the season out as long as possible. But whether the season is long or short, a person can quite easily get

the knack of sailing for pleasure if not in preparation for racing. A good many youngsters of our town and of other places about Lake Winnebago are quite expert in ice boating, and of course to them as to us it is the king of winter sports. With the Olympic Games scheduled for this country in 1932 and the winter sports of that competition being held next winter, it would seem as if there ought to be competition in this more or less neglected branch of sport.

As I said at the beginning of this article, we'd like to have as many Legionnaires as possible come to Lake Winnebago the first Sunday in February and get an idea of what real fun there is in this ice-boat thing. It might be possible to arrange some all Legion features and to make this meeting of the Northwestern association into a sort of national competition that would rival the carnivals put on in various Canadian cities. Skiing, skating, snowshoeing and ice boating are second nature to people in our State and what could be better than to get the Legionnaires from Maine at the one end and the far west at the other and have a national meet.

Foster Loper, Oshkosh, ex-commodore of the Northwestern Ice Yachting Association, composed of clubs from Madison, Pewaukee, Pine Lake, Lake Geneva, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and Grosse Point, Gull Lake and Menominee, Michigan, Stevens "I" Gould, commodore of the Oshkosh Ice Yacht Club, and Rev. Joe Barnett, present National Chaplain of The American Legion, Secretary, are among the ice boating members of our Legion post.



*Debutante 111, which has never lost a race since first competing in 1922. Legionnaire Johnny Buckstaff is her skipper*



# THEN *and* NOW

**A**CHTUNG! Es ist verboten. . . ." So, evidently, started the daily harangue of the town crier of Rheinbrohl, Germany, whose picture, through the courtesy of Legionnaire Floyd H. Austin of Red Wing, Minnesota, we are permitted to show in these columns. At any rate, on the original print some wag had inscribed the German words, "Es ist verboten," and for the benefit of those ex-Occupiers of Germany whose German needs brushing up, we translate: "It is forbidden," and add that "Achtung" is equivalent to the English "Attention."

Austin reports that he was a member of Battery A, 12th Field Artillery, which regiment participated in all of the Second Division's battles. In December, 1918, his outfit took up permanent billets in Rheinbrohl, Germany, and remained in that town. Two other batteries of his battalion and some Marines were also stationed there. "This town crier," he says, "had the earmarks of a good American ballyhooer. Before he started to rave, he would ring his bell and then pull out the orders and announcements which generally referred to prices of foods, where they could be obtained and the American Army regulations with reference to open hours for cafes and the non-fraternization of German girls with the soldiers."

"He always had a good-sized audience, including Americans who were curious only, because not many could speak or understand German. I don't know who had the loudest uniform, this fellow or the burgomeister, or mayor, of the town, but the old boy was surely snappy and loud."

"The inscription on the bottom of the picture was no doubt a hint, as I suppose he thought the soldiers had all the frauleins and good cafes corralled notwithstanding his repetition of the Army's 'It is forbidden.'"

**C**ITATIONS are again in order for a number of readers who responded to the request of several Gold Star Mothers for information regarding the death in action of their sons. We included the requests in Then and Now in the September Monthly and are indebted to E. C. Smoot of Charlottesville, Virginia, who told Mrs. Lena Wheeler of Newark, Ohio, something about her boy, Marion O. Wheeler of Company G, 54th Infantry, killed on September 29, 1918, and to Daniel E. Jenkins of West Pittston, Pennsylvania, who rendered a similar service for Mrs. Karven C. Jorgensen of Cleveland, Ohio, regarding William W. Jorgensen, Company G, 16th Infantry.

Mrs. Mary E. Canon of Peru, Nebraska, who wanted to know about her boy, Clarence Milnus, who lost his life while with Company B, 19th Railway Engineers, received letters from Theodore D. DeBow of Philadelphia, C. G. Boffemmyer of Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, and George H. Baltz of Philadelphia.

We list additional requests recently received in which similar service can be rendered:

Bernard A. Barnes of Detroit, Michigan, would like to hear from comrades of his brother, Roger Wilson, who was killed in action at Seicheprey, April 20, 1918, while serving with Battery F of the 103d Field Artillery, 26th Division.



*The town crier of Rheinbrohl, Germany, entertained some of the American troops in the Occupied Area even though many did not understand his announcements which in most instances began: "Es ist verboten"*

Information from fellow members in Company E, 120th Infantry, 30th Division, regarding the death in action of Private Clyde Armstrong is wanted by Joe Harris of Otwell, Indiana.

Mrs. Helen Shaw of Oshkosh, Nebraska, is eager to hear from comrades of her boy, Stephen R. Shaw, who was killed on the Vesle River while serving with Company E, 50th Infantry, Fourth Division.

Former members of Company A, 307th Infantry, may be able to furnish information which will assist in locating the grave of Maurice Hart, private 1st class, who was killed in action September 14, 1918. The regiment was engaged on that date in the vicinity of Fismes.

Edgar Rabenhorst, Machine Gun Company, 343d Infantry, 86th Division, died and was buried in England between October 8 and 10, 1918. He was probably a victim of the flu. Relatives are anxious to learn more facts.

Responses may be sent to the Company Clerk in care of the Monthly and will be transmitted promptly to the persons making request.

**JACK POSTLER'S** picture in Then and Now in the August Monthly showing a street in Coblenz which had become a canal during the Rhine flood of January, 1920, brought several interesting comments from readers. A most serious situation arose as its result,

according to this letter from Legionnaire John R. Morgan of Los Angeles, California:

"Yeah, I can tell something about the time the Rhine rose forty feet in January, 1920. I was doing guard duty with a so-called Provisional Guard Company and we had some twenty-six posts here and there about Coblenz which had to be visited afoot, a-motorcycle, a-Ford, or a-rowboat twice each night."

"In those days I was a generous consumer of Rhine wines and therefore intimately acquainted with one of the more serious effects of the flood. You see, there are, or were, a great many varieties of wines there and while all are good, some are not so good as others. We all had our favorite brands and vintages and you may imagine the demoralizing confusion that ensued when the flood-waters got into the wine-cellar and washed all the labels off the bottles!"

"Why, actually, sir, the situation was enough to drive one to drink. The cafe owners were distracted—they could do nothing: they could not even guarantee whether a given bottle contained delicious Niederheimer or despised Doppeldorfer. After cultivating a taste for heavenly Wurtemberger '06, one might find himself inadvertently drinking Wurtemberger '07, a very inferior wine because there were three days less sunshine during the ripening season of '07."

"Add to this the uncertainty and bickering that resulted from the great difference in prices—in many cases, several marks a bottle—and you will readily understand that to a person of delicate sensibilities there was, as a result of that devastating flood, a considerable diminution of that wholesome pleasure which should attend the consumption of Rhenish extract."

In more serious vein. Staff Sergeant Milburn Tredway, Head-





*When the Rhine went on a rampage in January, 1920, villages all along its course became Venices overnight. Above we see Vallendar-am-Rhein, where Company D, 47th Infantry, Fourth Division, kept the watch during Occupation days*

quarters Company, First Infantry, stationed at Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyoming, who was with Company L, Eighth Infantry, American Forces in Germany, writes: "At the time of the flood I was stationed in the Stein Strasse Kaserne, across the street from the base hospital, and I can assure you that the flood waters did not reach Stein Strasse nor Moselweisserweg on which the hospital was located, so no patients had to be removed, as it was reported."

As proof that the troops in Coblenz were not the only ones to suffer from the flood, Harry E. Carlson of Kewanee, Illinois, sent the picture of flooded Vallendar, used on this page. He tells us that the towns across the Rhine from Coblenz were also partly submerged.

Carlson served during action with Company K, 47th Infantry, but was transferred to Company D while in the Occupied Area. The picture was received from the German family with which he was billeted and he states that he is still corresponding with these friends he made of the enemy. Carlson is one of five brothers who served during the World War.

**WE WELCOME** to the Then and Now Gang another of the ex-soldiers who failed to reach the Western Front in Europe. It will be recalled that we have shown heretofore pictures of activities of troopers in Haiti, Cuba, the Canal Zone and Hawaii—men rarin' to get into the scrap but whose duties kept them in off corners of the world. Legionnaire George S. Jungels of Aurora, Illinois, is the man we refer to.

He sent us the picture of the soldat aboard a Chink donkey, shown on this page, and tells us this about it:

"The picture I enclose shows Corporal Dupius of Company K, 15th Infantry, which was also my outfit, in front of the shop of Hop Kee & Company. Hop Kee was known to all of us exiles in

China as the place to spend a few pesos along with the time, and was the place to get genuine Asahi beer. The picture was taken in Chinwangtao, where Hop Kee had a store as well as in Tientsin, headquarters of the 15th Infantry. There were stores also in Tongshan and Liechuang where my company spent a few months of each year.

"Chinwangtao was the port on the Gulf of Chihli, off the Yellow Sea, where all landings of soldiers into Northern China were made. Here each battalion had one month of 'vacation,' which included field hikes, extra guards for the officers' tents against bandit invasions and similar 'vacation' labors.

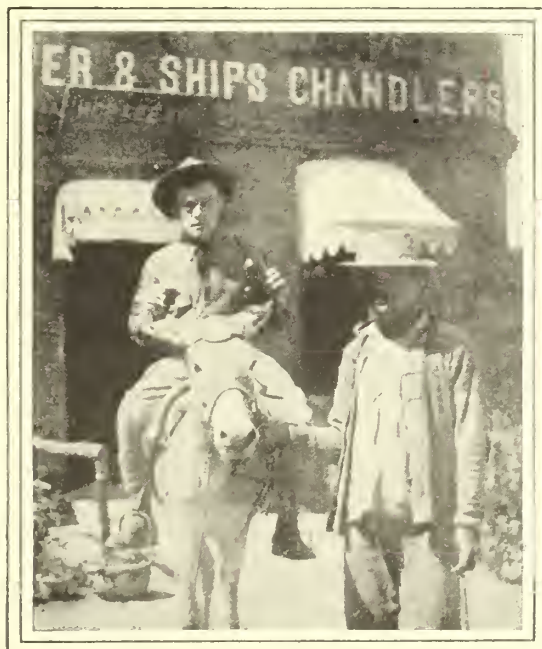
"The picture was taken, I think, by Private Hicks of Company K. The donkeys were very handy for traveling over the sands of the desert on which our camp was laid out. We were about a mile and a half from the town and the donkeys were in great demand on payday nights to carry home the 'wounded'."

We do not know what the Chinese phrase with which Jungels ended his letter means, but we're willing to learn. Perhaps some other veteran of the Tientsin station of the United States Army Forces in China, of which the 15th Infantry evidently is a permanent part, as the regiment is still there, can send us the translation. Here it is: "Quai-Quai Yimmer. Mao Chin."

**Q**UITE a number of cases of "unofficially alive" veterans, including a nurse, have been reported in these columns, but Legionnaire Le-

Roy E. Fess of Buffalo, New York, has a story with a new angle to tell. From it we glean the following:

In a butcher shop in Buffalo, New York, it is possible to meet the late Private George W. Woodruff who was killed in France on October 23, 1918. While that statement sounds strange,



*Fighting the War in China, Corporal Dupius, 15th Infantry, drank a toast to fellow soldiers in far-off fields. The picture was taken in Chinwangtao during 1919, according to George Jungels*



Woodruff can show you the official certificate of his death, issued by the Government and as further proof, a government photograph of a temporary American cemetery in France in which appears prominently a cross bearing his name.

Naturally, it is a case of two men bearing this same name. The Woodruff of whom Fess tells was with Company D, 312th Infantry; landed in France in May, 1918, participated in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives and was still with his company when the Armistice was signed. Late in 1918, however, Mrs. Woodruff received an official notification that her husband had died in France on October 23d. A gold star was hung in the window, but soon a letter dated a week later than her husband's reported death, came from him.

A reply which she sent at once was not received by Woodruff until January, 1919, when he asked his captain to confirm the fact that he was alive. In the meantime, Mrs. Woodruff received the official death certificate and the picture, reproduced on this page, from the Government. A letter regarding disposal of the remains was answered in person by the supposed deceased, when he returned home in July, 1919.

While this George W. Woodruff came home safely, unfortunately it must be assumed that another man of the same name, a casual in an Ordnance Detachment, failed to return to those awaiting him.

**A** GLIMPSE behind the enemy lines is given us by Past Adjutant Ralph Shugart of Kensington Post in Philadelphia, more than twelve years after the fighting ceased. With the picture of the American plane, surrounded with German soldiers, which is reproduced on this page, he sent a request from one of the men in the group, Joe Bender, now a resident of Shugart's home city.

The request is in the form of a letter from Bender to a man in Kensington Post. With Shugart's permission we reprint it:

"I am sending you the information concerning that war picture. At the time it was taken, I belonged to the German 226th Infantry Division Observation Group. Our division's headquarters was at Thiaucourt and our observation station on top of the Montsec. Our group's rest quarters were at Beney. From that town we witnessed an air battle in the early days of August, 1918, between two German planes and one American.

"One German plane crashed down and both officer and pilot were dead. After a while the American plane came down and we started to run up to the plane. He landed on the left side of the road leading from Beney towards the front. When we got to him he pulled off his brown suit and told us he was an American captain. After reaching Beney, what became of him I don't know.

"In Beney were some French people yet and some of the women threw flowers to the officer and they all got arrested. On the back of this picture, which I had sent to my people, I wrote: 'This is a picture of an American airplane which came down here. The Indian head is the sign of the squadron.'



*How many World War veterans have in their possession pictures of their own grave in France? Above is the grave of active Legionnaire George W. Woodruff, Buffalo, New York*

"Can you imagine? Rally round, all you A. E. F.'ers, and tell the world about the wonderful mail service you got in France. Tell 'em about the letters which came three weeks before those written the day prior. Tell 'em about the letters which never came and of which we were ignorant until our return to the

States. Tell 'em of the robbed Christmas packages, tell 'em . . . tell 'em . . . oh, what's the use?

"The Company Clerk pats the Postal Express Service on the back because it received only one complaint to every half-million letters handled.

"Listen here, Clerk, a heluva lot of good it would have done a private to have complained about his mail service, wouldn't it? Use your head, old-timer; imagine what the C. O. would have said when Private Smithkins was about one-quarter thru with his complaint about Mabel's letters never getting to him."

All right, Tip, we used our head—and we still maintain that, everything considered, it was a mighty efficient system, and we haven't any personal friends who were in that branch of service. Granting that letters were as important (Continued on page 52)



*What former Air Service captain piloted this plane of the 103d Squadron which was brought down behind the enemy lines near Beney, France, in August, 1918? The captain was uninjured in the air battle*





# SOLOMON

## WASN'T SO WISE

By John R. White

**T**HIS is an age of de-bunking. The Victorian Era of frills and petticoats, of veils and trailing skirts, has gone. Contours and legs are displayed in all their grace or lack of it. But we have, some people think, gone a bit far with frank biographies which expose the weaknesses as well as the strength of the great. And so I hesitate to cast a reflection on the wisdom of King Solomon. But it must be done.

In the First Book of Kings, chapter 5, verse 10, we find: "So Hiram gave Solomon timber of cedar and timber of fir according to all his desire."

Apparently Solomon and his successors desired a considerable quantity. I remember a photograph of what remains of the once vast forests of Mount Lebanon, with the description of a traveler who went forth to find the famous cedars. He traversed a region of bare rock and sand, scorched by the sun, until, high up in the mountains, he found a few old trees—all that remained of those woodlands which were once the inspiration of the Psalmist and the wealth of Sidon and Tyre.

A few thousand years after King Solomon, we in America are faced with the same conditions which existed in Asia Minor in his day. And only as we are wiser than King Solomon can we avoid his error.

This thing called conservation—what is it? Conservation is the preservation of our natural resources for wise present and future use; our forests, our coal, our oil, our fish and game, our

rivers, waterfalls, lakes, canyons, mountains, so that all may be as far as possible unwasted and unspoiled.

There is a feeling deeply rooted in Americans that the thing to do with a tree is to cut it down, either in order to make lumber or to clear land for farming. This is a natural feeling. When the Fathers of the Republic came to New England and Virginia they found confronting them a virgin wilderness of forests. Trees encompassed them on every side but the ocean. Scarcely had their boats grounded on the beach before the first axe strokes rang on oak, elm, beech and pine. A century later the pioneers were felling the forests beyond the Alleghanies. Abraham Lincoln was affectionately known as the Rail Splitter, a title that was a symbol of the times in which he lived.

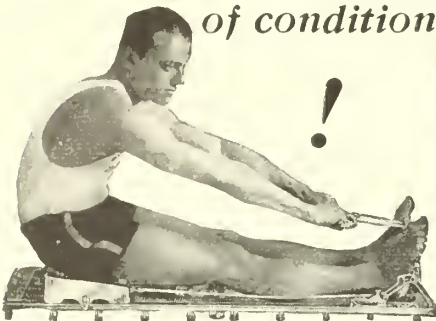
Another fifty or seventy-five years pass and the restless wave of pioneers has rolled on through the great hardwood forests of the East and Middle West, across prairies which once seemed illimitable, through the vast pine woods of Minnesota and Wisconsin, leaving millions of devastated acres behind, across the Rocky Mountains, and so onward and into the finest forests of all America, yea, of all the world, the dense conifer forests of the Pacific slope. Here the pioneers found trees beside which those of the Eastern United States were scarcely more than shrubs—trees six, eight, ten, twenty, yes, thirty feet in diameter: Douglas fir, red cedar, yellow pine, Sitka spruce, sugar pine, and the two species of a vanished race, the giant Sequoias.

A dramatic spectacle, that ever

(Continued on page 59)



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Trained down lean and hard . . . fresh and fit as a Champion for each day's work . . . that's the modern business man's conception of what he owes to his business, his family, and himself. Just FIVE minutes daily on the "Seat of Health" will astonish you with increases of energy and endurance . . . will give you the Punch and Power, the Snap and Go this high-speed age demands of you.

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## What To Do With Business Depressions

(Continued from page 5)

parked nearby and writing to their owners, is winning some good customers. A fine treatment for depression is to apply those old-fashioned remedies: inspiration and perspiration.

It is just as important to "catch water when it is raining" as it is to "make hay while the sun is shining." Twenty-six years' study of business statistics has taught me this: While I do not wish to imply that business runs in a "fatal cycle," but rather according to the Law of Action and Reaction, I will for the moment liken it to a wheel. The business wheel is always turning. Lucky is

the man who gets on at the bottom and off at the top. Unlucky is the man who gets on at the top and off at the bottom. But wherever a man gets onto the wheel, remember success will come to him if he stays on the wheel. Over the years the normal growth line of America is constantly upward. Those who watch this and refuse to be stampeded, either by booms or depressions—high prices or low prices—always succeed in the end. Every man in legitimate business is playing a game where the odds are in his favor. Stick to it and by the law of averages you must ultimately win.

## \$10.00 Down

(Continued from page 8)

lovely eyes on the day the bank failed, came flashing back to them now. The stain upon her father's honor would be some day removed.

Ohio, Jim's home State, offered the young couple a chance. A new hardware concern made him its representative. Fifteen hundred a year to start with.

Never was a man like young Winship. If one of the owners happened to drop into town after store hours, or on a holiday or a Sunday, he never bothered to go to Winship's house. He knew that he'd find the hardware man at the store, going over stock, or plugging on the books, or writing letters designed to bring in additional business. Able as all get-out, and a terrific worker. No telling how high that lad would climb.

Only, when his employers gave him a chance to buy some stock, why didn't he, if he was as up and coming as he seemed, invest his savings in the business? He certainly lived economically. In fact, when you came right down to it, he seemed penurious. Dressed kind of shabbily, except for that diamond stud of his.

He and his wife—gosh all hemlock, what a looker she was!—never went anywhere. People in the town said that she never bought a new dress from one year's end to the other. Never went to supper at a neighbor's house, even. Looked as though they were afraid they'd have to return the meal.

For Jim Winship didn't tell anyone that he was paying his father-in-law's debts. And neither he nor Gail could take pleasure in the expenditure of one penny above necessary living expenditures while there were people who could say that Gail's father owed them money.

Every month money left Ohio bound for Maine where it reduced, although infinitesimally at first, the obligations left by Phineas Hooper.

"You ought to have a bicycle," Gail said one day.

"One of those tandems would be great," sighed Jim.

"We could go out to the lake on Sundays," said Gail. "But it would save you a long walk to work every day," she added hastily.

"They cost a hundred dollars," said Jim.

Gail sighed. The bicycle was never referred to again. To be earning twenty-five hundred a year, and not be able to afford a bicycle!

The nights that Jim lay awake, struggling against sobs! . . . God, he didn't care about himself. To be near Gail, to love her, to know that she loved him—a man would be asking too much if he were not satisfied with her and her alone. But not to be able to give her the things, the pretty things, the useless, charming, desirable things that she loved. That was agony, that was hell.

She could have had Sam Murdock, worth his millions now; she could have had Frank Blake, a rich man in his own right today. Fine fellows, both of them, who would have loved her—oh, not as much as he loved her, because no one on earth could love Gail as he loved her, but—well, what use was his love if it only kept her in poverty?

He said as much one night. She crept closer into his arms.

"My Jim, my own Jim! As if you denied me anything. As if it isn't my father's debts that keep us poor, that keep you from being a great success. Jim, you—make—me—cry."

And to make Gail cry—that must be the sin the Bible mentions, the unpardonable sin. You couldn't make Gail cry, not if laying down your life could bring back smiles to those lovely lips.

So the years went by, and little by little the debts were reduced. Only—the five hundred that you wanted to put in the new-fangled horseless wagon—it would have made Jim millions. And the



telephone stock that you could have had for almost nothing—it would have made Jim rich.

Foresighted, he had faith in these things, but—the millstone was about his neck, and not in honor could it be cast aside.

His employers—well, if a man didn't have interest enough to take advantage of the investment opportunities offered him, well, no matter how hard he worked, he was probably a clerk at heart, and—he never was advanced. He couldn't blame his bosses; after all, they'd hinted to him often enough, and when, in the early years of the century, the debts of Phineas Hooper were finally paid, Jim was no longer the boisterous, confident youth of the early eighties. He was forty-odd now, and his shoulders were a bit stooped. His eyes were slightly dimmed, too. Prematurely old, old from worry, from a sense of obligation that festered and ate at his heart.

Gail? Oh, Gail was lovely; she was agelessly lovely as the rare woman is. But the gayety had forever gone from her eyes. Passion burned there as fiercely as ever it had flamed, but merriment, light-heartedness, had been replaced by a more somber expression.

But at last the debts were paid.

Jim sealed and stamped the last letter which contained the last check.

"Honey," he cried, "let's you and I begin to live!"

See them, two people in their forties, leaping to each other's arms like bride and groom.

See them, with extra money each Saturday night, faring forth, to theatres, to circuses, to the shops. See Gail's silk stockings; note the gay ties that Jim sports.

"I'm hanged if I can figure out that Winship man," said the senior partner. "Every time, for twenty years, I've made the Ohio trip. I've come away depressed about Winship. Sort of felt that there must be something wrong with him, that he was a faithful Fido when he ought to have been a tiger roaring for meat. Now, all of a sudden, he's become what he ought to have been fifteen years ago. Stepping out. Spends his money. Buys his wife pretty clothes. Tries to make friends with the neighbors. As though they'd suddenly found out that they'd lost youth and were trying to find it again. Remember how we offered him stock in the concern years ago, and he wouldn't buy? Now that he's getting six thousand a year he wants to put three in every year. What about it?"

The junior partner shrugged. "Well, he's been faithful. Give him a chance to make something."

"Honey," said Jim a week later. "the firm is letting me put my extra money into their stock. In ten years—honey, we'll be rich, rich as you always ought to have been. Honey—honey!"

Funny to hear people make a fuss about money, when there are other things—but they had the other things. They had devotion, passion, undying and unselfish love, and money meant opportunity to make each other happier still. There was Eu- (Continued on page 44)



## It's your move, Mr. Smoker!

Does your pipe-stem clog? Does your pipe smoke hot? Does the taste fall short of that rich "pipey" fragrance that old pipe-smokers insist on? Then, Mr. Smoker, it's your move!

For these are facts: Granger is "Rough Cut". . . big shaggy flakes that burn slower, smoke cooler, leave a pipe cleaner. And Granger is made by Wellman's Method—an old-time tobacco-maker's secret that would sweeten any man's smoke.

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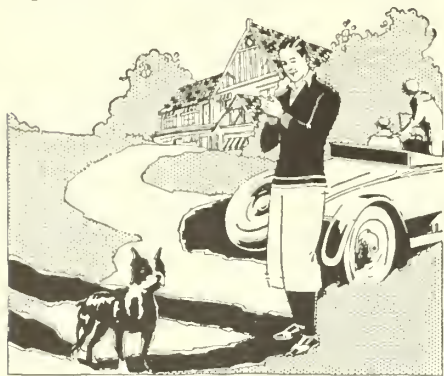
... Pipe tobacco  
that is pipe tobacco

# GRANGER ROUGH CUT





# Success—



## while you are young enough to enjoy it

"I'M meeting Armstrong this afternoon at Ingleside—last chance for a little golf before we sail for Europe on the fifteenth..."

Pretty soft for Bob Carrington, you say—a lovely country home, golf on a week-day when the other boys are slaving at the office—a six weeks' trip to Europe with the family—and all this wonderful success while he is still young enough to enjoy it!

But why look with envy upon success well earned—especially when it is within your power to attain that same success?

"If young men in business only realized how immensely valuable are those early years, and how vital it is to get away to a flying start, they would make it an inflexible rule to devote several evenings every week to home-study business training."

One of America's foremost business men—an active director in a dozen big corporations—made that statement recently; and if you have the slightest doubt of its truth, you need only check it by the actual records of LaSalle-trained men, many of whom, though still in their thirties, are commanding five-figure salaries.

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"I'm determined to succeed," you say—and we do not deny that hard work and learning through day-to-day experience will eventually win you some measure of success. If success is sweet, however, is it not doubly sweet if it comes to you while you are still young enough to enjoy it?

And is it not a needless and tragic waste of years to continue at outgrown tasks, simply because you will not spare yourself the time to master those bigger jobs that command the real rewards of business?

Ten Years' Promotion in One is a booklet that shows you how you can save years that would otherwise be wasted. Sending for it has marked the turning point in the lives of thousands upon thousands of men—and the coupon will bring it to you FREE.

With this book we will send you, without cost or obligation, complete particulars of the training that appeals to you, together with details of our easy-payment plan.

Will you wait till the golden years of your life are fast slipping away—or will you set your path toward success while you are still young enough to enjoy it?

Prove that you mean what you say when you say that you want to get ahead—by what you do with this coupon NOW.

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Name .....

Present Position .....

Address .....

## \$10.00 Down

(Continued from page 43)

rope, where Gail could use the French she had learned so many years ago. Nearer, there was New York, with the theatres, the restaurants, the sights. . . .

"You can't guess what I have in my pocket," said Jim one evening.

"The moon," guessed Gail.

"Pretty close; try again," said Jim.

"The sun," said Gail.

"Two round trip tickets to Portland with a stop-over in New York on the way back."

Gail's eyes flashed. To go back to Rockland, able to hold her head high once more, able to look her old friends in the face. The losses of the bank could never be made good, but the private debts of Phineas Hooper had been paid, and Gail could go back home unashamed.

But a quarter of a century is a long time. Sam Murdock had been killed in the Spanish War; Frank Blake had been lost with one of his own ships; the childhood friends had married and scattered. Gail and Jim stayed only a few days. But depressing as visits to old homes always are, there were the delights of hearing praises for Jim's payment of old Hooper's debts.

New York, with no unhappy memories, was a place of joy.

"Like our honeymoon," whispered Jim as they registered at a hotel.

Over Gail's creamy skin spread a blush. The old gayety had returned to her eyes. And somehow Jim had lost his worried look, stood as straight as in the days of their courtship.

"Something's come over you, Winship," said the head of the concern for which Jim worked. "Maybe it's this visit to New York. For a good many years you disappointed me. God knows, nobody ever worked any harder, but you always seemed to lack pep. I mean, you didn't seem to want to get ahead yourself. You shoved the business ahead all right, but you didn't seem to advance yourself. You're getting six thousand a year. If you'd shown the right sort of initiative you'd be getting twenty-five thousand now. But men drawing that kind of money must look the part as well as be it. Those men must have personality and be able to impress it on other people. And by George, you seem to have picked up that personality."

"Winship, you've outgrown Ohio. You're alive and alert. I want you in the New York office. You know this business from every angle. What say to fifteen thousand a year?"

It was like being on your honeymoon again. You stayed at a hotel while you looked for an apartment and picked out furniture more suitable to a New York flat than the things you had back in Ohio. You made new acquaintances, too; just as, when you were first married, the bride's friends were new to the groom, and the husband's friends were new to the wife.

And instead of putting three thousand

a year into the business, you put eight, and still had plenty left over in case Gail wanted to take a friend to a matinee.

People said that New York was cold and standoffish, but the men in the firm had friendly wives, and the first thing you knew you were playing bridge whist, and making up skylarking trips to Coney Island, as if you were in the early twenties instead of the late forties.

Somehow, Jim's diamond stud gleamed more radiantly than ever it had shone in Maine or Ohio. Men didn't wear such adornments in the East, but somehow the jewel seemed to go perfectly with Jim's breezy Western manner, that manner which after a quarter of a century had come back to him.

Forgotten were the years of slaving, of harsh economy. Life blossomed before them as it should have blossomed years ago. And then, because life, like history, repeats itself, frost nipped the petals ere they were fully unfolded.

The panic of nineteen seven came almost without warning. Jim's firm, over-extended in every way, was one of the first to fail. The money that during the last few years of prosperity had been put into the business was all lost.

Equip yourself with brains; gird about yourself the armor of experience; ride the charger of honesty; and what shall these avail you in the battle against Youth?

"I'm not denying your references are wonderful, Mr. Winship, but we were looking for a younger man."

"I'm afraid we have nothing for you, Mr. Winship. What we need is a man about thirty."

"If you had capital, Mr. Winship, your age might not matter so much."

The flat on Riverside Drive gave way to a tenement on Third Avenue; the tenement gave way to a furnished room. You could boil an egg and heat some coffee over a gas jet; your laundry could be done in the washstand; you could pinch and scrape and manage to keep life within your body on the wages earned by a doorman at a fashionable restaurant.

But you couldn't save a penny; and the doctor, kindly as he was, couldn't furnish medicine free. The diamond stud, symbol of success, went to a pawnbroker in exchange for three hundred dollars with which to pay for Gail's long illness.

Gail never referred to the pledging of Jim's jewel. There are some tragedies so utter in their finality that mention of them cannot be made. She knew that the long years of sacrifice while he paid her father's debts were as nothing compared to this surrender of the symbol of success.

A broken spirit cannot exist in a vigorous body; it demands shattered health to match itself. There were days, weeks even, and sometimes months when Jim's health so enfeebled him that he could not work. A doorman is frozen in winter and baked in summer. But a man out of work must find someone to pay the rent and buy the



food, or he has no roof to shelter him and nothing to eat.

Gail went to work. At over fifty, she looked for labor. Dressing-woman in a theatre; cashier in a cheap restaurant; scrub woman; and finally, by an incredibly lucky chance, a permanent job in the matrons' office of the night police court. Jim's former employers, rehabilitated in the world, exerted political pull to do this much for the wife of a man no longer useful.

Twenty-five dollars a week, and a husband now so ailing that he could not even do what odd jobs an elderly man may find in New York. Then the last illness, the tiptoeing to the dying man's side, the discovery that his clenched hand clasps the pawn ticket for the diamond stud.

Living without hope, must he die without hope? She picked up an evening paper, doing anything that would take her mind for a moment away from her desolation.

"Diamond rings, pins, studs. Ten dollars down and ten dollars a week."

The advertisement leaped at her. In one second she made a decision. From the hand of the sleeping man she extracted the pawn ticket. She left the house and went to the shop on Sixth Avenue.

Yes, she had a permanent position. She paid ten dollars down and signed an agreement. She bore away with her a diamond stud. Outside she tore up the long ago expired pawn ticket. She hurried home.

Jim Winship awoke, unclasped his hand and stared incredulously at the jewel glittering in his palm. It was not as beautiful as the stone from which he had parted when Gail was ill, but how could bleared eyes note the difference?

"Gail! Gail!"

She was by his side at once.

His weakened mind comprehended only the fact of the stud and that it was a symbol. For a moment, as she kissed him, his lips were warm and vital. Forgotten were the weary years. Only remembered was the fact that he had achieved at last. The tired brain did not ask how or why, it merely passed happily into Eternity.

The doctors, the undertakers, the minister. The lid on the coffin. The diamond stud gleaming on Jim's chest. The debts that death entail would take a third of her salary for the next three years. Add to this ten dollars a week for the diamond stud, and you have a sum total that only the poor can comprehend.

What good would a diamond stud do a dead man? Why not take it from his body and save carrying a burden too great for frail old shoulders to bear? But if Gail asked herself the question, she answered it by gently closing the lid. Jim Winship carried to his grave his symbol of achievement.

Yes, many can make the gesture of ten dollars down, but few can carry on the ten dollars a week.

## Ten Years, Ten Nations

(Continued from page 27)

Czechoslovak Legion was on the last leg of its long journey homeward.

Captain Ruy Scherley Periera, Vice President for Portugal, commanded Portuguese Railroad Engineers on the British front in 1917, serving side by side with two American regiments of Railway Engineers. He dined at the American mess often and was host many times to the Americans.

Women were among most of the foreign delegations. Lady Edward Spencer Churchill, of Great Britain, the first President of Fidac's Auxiliary, was the center of interest along with Princess Cantacuzene of Rumania, President in 1930, who personally brought to Paris on pilgrimage during the year orphans from all the allied countries. There were present two Past Presidents of The American Legion Auxiliary, Mrs. Adalin Wright Macauley, former President of Fidac Auxiliary, and Mrs. Irene McIntyre Walbridge, its American Vice President.

The Fidac pilgrimage to Mount Vernon was only one event of an eventful four days spent in Washington by the delegates. The Congress in Washington, the reception and entertainment provided the delegates in New York City before the Congress and a tour on a special train which carried the delegates as far west as Indianapolis made the 1930 gathering of Fidac under the auspices of The American Legion highly memorable.

The American Legion won the honor of entertaining the 1930 Congress when Past National Commander Paul V. McNutt extended an invitation at the Congress held in Bucharest last year. At Bucharest, Portugal, which had at first invited the Congress to come to Lisbon in 1930, announced that it would gladly waive its claims in favor of the United States, which had proved its capacity as host by entertaining Fidac's Third Congress, held at New Orleans in 1922. The Congress of the United States facilitated the plans of The American Legion by appropriating \$25,000 to help meet expenses of the Fidac Congress. New York City also gave co-operation by assuring fitting reception and entertainment.

The General Arrangements Committee for the Congress was headed by an executive committee consisting of E. L. White of Connecticut, chairman, Julius I. Peyser of Washington, D. C., and Lemuel Bolles of New York City, Past National Adjutant. Others on the committee were Adolph Ochs Adler, Frederick M. Alger, Samuel E. Aronowitz, W. W. Atterbury, Arthur Ball, Arthur E. Brundage, William F. Deegan, L. R. Gignilliat, James G. Harbord, Roy Hoffman, H. Nelson Jackson, Henry D. Lindsley, Dr. Carleton B. McCulloch, James A. Noonan, A. W. Reynolds, Mrs. Vye S. Thompson and William H. Follett.

Most of the (Continued on page 46)



## Today's Pipe Dreams are Tomorrow's Big Deeds

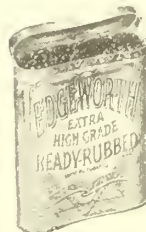
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# Ten Years, Ten Nations

(Continued from page 45)

delegates arrived in New York City on September 15th aboard the S. S. *Lancastria*. They were welcomed by their American hosts who traveled down the harbor to meet them on the mayor's official boat, the *Macom*. Sightseeing trips were provided the visitors and the opening session of the Congress was held in the Seventh Regiment Armory. There were ceremonies at the Eternal Light in Madison Square and elsewhere, and on Wednesday evening Mayor James J. Walker was host at a formal dinner in the Hotel Roosevelt. National Commander Bodenhamer formally welcomed the visitors at this dinner. All the New York events were in charge of William F. Deegan, Past Commander of the Department of New York, who is now New York City's Tenement House Commissioner.

From New York City the delegates journeyed to Washington on a special train obtained with the assistance of Legionnaire W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It was a train of a type new to most of the visitors. Instead of usual Pullman coaches it was composed of coaches having only drawing rooms and compartments, and the corridors extended down one side of each coach. The train carried a club car and an observation car of latest types. The foreign visitors first became acquainted with their traveling club in the Pennsylvania Station in New York City at midnight following Mayor Walker's dinner. It landed them in Washington the following morning and waited for them during the Congress, after which it carried them to Annapolis, Indianapolis, Culver, Detroit, Niagara Falls, Albany, Newburgh and West Point. The Congress's transportation officer was John J. Wicker, Jr., of Richmond, Virginia, who as National Travel Director of The American Legion's France Convention Committee in 1927 did most of the work of getting the Second A. E. F. to Paris and back home again. In charge of all other arrangements outside Washington was E. L. White, of New Haven, Connecticut, Past National Vice Commander, who represented National Commander Bodenhamer. Washington arrangements were in charge of Julius I. Peyser, American Vice President for Fidac. Mr. Peyser is a distinguished lawyer of Washington.

The opening session of the Congress in Washington on September 18th was held in Memorial Continental Hall of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and sessions on the following two days were held at the Hotel Carlton. Before the opening session, all delegates journeyed to Arlington National Cemetery where representatives of the nations placed wreaths upon the Tomb of America's Unknown Soldier. In addition to this ceremony, special events included the visit to Mount Vernon, services at the National Cathedral, where a wreath was laid upon the tomb of Woodrow Wil-

son, a tea at Alexandria, Virginia, given by Alexandria Post and its Auxiliary, and a garden party at the White House where President Hoover and Mrs. Hoover greeted informally all the visitors and their American hosts.

A round of formal dinners completed the Washington entertainment. General John J. Pershing was host at a dinner at the Wardman Park Hotel at which National Commander Bodenhamer spoke. Legionnaire Patrick J. Hurley was host at a dinner at the Congressional Country Club. As the closing event of the Congress, the delegates were guests of Legionnaire Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of State, at a dinner at the Hotel Willard at which Past National Commander Paul V. McNutt gave the principal address.

One of the most picturesque portions of the business sessions was the ceremony attending the presentation of the Fidac medal to representatives of the three American universities which a distinguished jury had selected as the institutions which had done most to promote world peace during the past year. The awards were made upon the basis of courses of instruction in foreign relations, exchange of teachers and students with foreign universities and efforts to give American students correct interpretations and viewpoints of other countries. L. R. Gignilliat submitted the report for the Fidac jury of award whose other members were Dr. Stephen P. Dugan, director of the Institute of International Education, Dr. Paul Monroe, director of the International Institute of Teachers College, Columbia University, Newton D. Baker of Cleveland, Ohio, Dr. George H. Vincent of New York City, Dr. David P. Barrows, former President of the University of California, and Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior. The awards were presented by President Abbot of Fidac to Dr. Noel T. Dowling, Professor of Law, Columbia University, Professor Willard E. Dodd, chairman of the Department of History, University of Chicago, and Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, representing the University of California. All three wore caps and gowns, and the colors of Fidac and the member countries were grouped as a background for the ceremony.

The Congress voted that all societies belonging to Fidac shall transmit to its headquarters reports of the work being done for the disabled and orphans in their own countries, so that progress in one country shall be set up for the emulation of all. It also voted that no member society shall pay as Fidac dues in excess of one-third of the total amount received from all member organizations. This action will reduce substantially the annual dues paid by The American Legion, which heretofore have been one cent for each member of the Legion. Another action was the adoption of a policy under which Fidac in annual Congress may discuss controversial matters upon which



any government has adopted an official position but may not vote upon that subject if the national delegation of such government objects. The Congress proclaimed anew Fidac's primary interest in the promotion of good will among nations and the settlement of international disputes by peaceful means. It declared the "three fundamental principles of peace to be arbitration, security and disarmament."

The entire group of those attending the Congress left Washington on the special Fidac train on the afternoon of Sunday, September 21st. Several hours later the train arrived at Annapolis. Admiral Robinson, Commandant of the Naval Academy, was host at a reception and the visitors inspected the academy. On Monday morning the special train reached Columbus, Ohio, where a breakfast was given in the Hotel Deshler by the Ohio Department. The party reached Indianapolis at noon. Here it was entertained at a garden party at the estate of Charles B. Sommers and a dinner at the Indianapolis Athletic Club, with National Commander Bodenhamer and Mrs. Donald Macrae, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, as hosts. Here also delegates presented to the museum of the Indiana War Memorial the flags of their countries. The foreign delegations were very much impressed by the National Headquarters building of the Legion and the War Memorial Plaza upon which it stands.

All day Tuesday the visitors spent at Culver Military Academy, Culver, Indiana, where General Gignilliat had provided an interesting program of reviews and exhibitions by the corps of cadets and informal receptions in the homes of members of the Academy faculty. At Culver was held the annual election of officers. Colonel Milan Radossavlievitch of Yugoslavia was elected President of Fidac and Madame Julie Mazaraki of Poland was elected President of Fidac's Auxiliary. Lamar Jeffers, Representative in Congress from Alabama, was elected Vice President of Fidac for the United States.

Wednesday morning the party was entertained in Detroit. Frederick M. Alger presided at a breakfast, after which the visitors were taken on a tour of the River Rouge plant of the Ford Motor Company. After lunch at the Ford plant, the party journeyed across Ontario to Niagara Falls where Canadian veterans joined with John J. Welch Post in a reception and a tour of the Falls. Welch Post was host at a dinner that evening.

Thursday morning the party was entertained by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt and Lieutenant Governor Herbert H. Lehman, of New York State, at a breakfast in the Hotel Ten Eyck at Albany. At noon the Fidac party said good-bye to its special train at Newburgh, New York. Galloway Post of Newburgh was host at a luncheon and conducted ceremonies at the old house which was headquarters of George Washington during the War of the Revolution. Galloway Post also escorted the visitors to the Military Academy at West Point where they witnessed (Continued on page 48)

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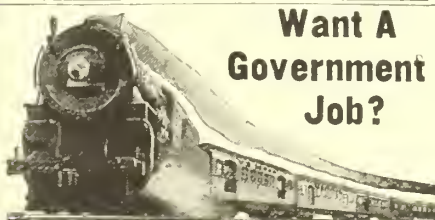
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## Ten Years, Ten Nations

(Continued from page 47)

the evening parade of the Corps of Cadets.

Darkness was approaching as the delegates from many lands boarded the yachts of Otto Kahn, Barron Collier and William H. Todd at West Point for the last stage of their American tour, a night ride down the Hudson River to New York City, from which many of them were to sail for Europe on the following day. A thunderstorm added color and sound to

this swift journey. The storm had ended when the pilgrims stepped on the landing stage of the New York Yacht Club and reassembled for the final moments with their American hosts. Most of the visitors sailed on the S. S. *Caronia* on the following day, but retiring President Abbot and representatives of each country stayed over for the Legion's national convention at Boston.

## I Might Have Played Hookey

(Continued from page 9)

pursuing odd fragments of vulgar Latin through Provencal into modern French. I had the grace to wonder whether the abracadabra I was learning would really work any magic at the door of the world. But it took me a good many years of knocking about in that world to realize that a man who had never heard of "Beowulf" and who might even lapse into such horrid solecisms as "hadn't ought" or "I done it" might still know more than old Doctor Woolcott.

Of course I had always known men of no schooling who were hugely successful in the mere making of money. But it took a longer time for me to find out that a man could say "would have went" and still be welcome at more tables, have a surer and a more aristocratic taste in matters of painting and music, and reveal in all ways a greater gift for living the good life than most of the Ph.D.'s of my acquaintance. Indeed, as I look about me among my neighbors, I find myself wondering whether I have anything at all to show for the score of years I spent in going to school, whether I would not be as well equipped for life right now if I had never gone to school at all.

I have been thrown into this despondency by meditating on the achievements of three friends of mine whose total days at school if put end to end would not even suffice to get one of them through the third reader and compound fractions. I am thinking of Harpo Marx, Irving Berlin and Norman Bel Geddes.

The mute tatterdemalion among the Four Marx Brothers, who plays the harp more potently than anyone in this country, did go to a New York primary school for five years, but this does not count, as the five years were all spent in one grade, due, he felt complacently at the time, to his infatuated teacher's reluctance to part with him. As for music, he took exactly one harp lesson in his entire life, and to this day he cannot read a note of the mystifying symbols by which most orthodox musicians release the melodies imprisoned on the printed page.

Irving Berlin is equally baffled by sheet music. He, too, is self-taught, and learned such piano playing as he now knows by picking out tunes on the tinny old upright in a Bowery cafe at dawn, after the

sailors and the street walkers had departed and the waiter was cleaning their spittle from the floor. In those days he meant to take music lessons if ever he had the money to pay for them, but alas, before he got around to it, the tunes that were humming in his head began to set the feet of the world a-tapping. To this day he has to dictate his melodies to a musical stenographer, and since he can still play only in the key of C, he has to have a freak piano so equipped that when he wants to transpose a composition he can do it by pulling a lever and shifting the entire keyboard.

Then consider this young Mr. Geddes. I have been quite dazed by the infinite variety of his accomplishments. For a time I knew him chiefly as a master of stage décor, the ingenious fellow who transformed our pagan Century Theater in New York into a hazy, dim-lit cathedral for the immediate purposes of "The Miracle" when Max Reinhardt brought that pious pageant to America. More recently Geddes has designed and directed the lush production of "Lysistrata," a singularly bawdy farce by Aristophanes which, because it was written in ancient Greece, awed even the Philadelphia censors by its venerable age. But Geddes also designs things like Simmons Beds and Toledo Scales and railroad trains, and when last I passed his studio, he was casually at work on an airplane calculated to carry four hundred persons, provided I was not one of them. Two or three years ago he appears to have asked himself why he should not also try his restless hand at architecture. Since then he has revolutionized factory building by the vast and clever structure he designed for the Toledo Scales Company, and he has completed the blue prints for ten of the mushroom buildings needed for the Chicago World's Fair. Now what at once startles and annoys me is that Geddes never studied any more architecture than I did—that is, he never studied architecture at all. Indeed, when I was conscientiously going to high school and feeling that I would be quite undone if any accident should interrupt the routine of my education, Geddes was touring the land as a magician in small time vaudeville, and in the years corresponding to those



wherein I wrestled with the Epistles of Horace at Hamilton College, Geddes was a precocious portrait painter with all manner of notables sitting for him. In fact he has done a little of everything as far as I can make out.

To one who was spoon-fed by scores of teachers, the processes of autodidacticism—that is the kind of word I learned from my teachers—are full of fascination. Harpo, for instance, first plucked reluctant melodies from an instrument so cracked and ancient that, after it had been through a train wreck it brought a pretty price as an antique. While he still had it, it was so spavined that he had to give it a good kick from time to time to keep it from falling apart. In the first few weeks of his acquaintance with it, he found it physically impossible for either hand to reach the further strings. What straightened him out was a helpful lithograph he spied in an art-store window. It was the picture of an angel sitting on a pink cloud, and she was playing the harp. After studying it intently, he hurried home to practice. The angel had taught him that he was resting his darned old lyre on the wrong shoulder.

I have said that he did take one lesson. It was some six years ago when he and his brothers made their first big success on Broadway. With increasing power, he had been playing the harp in his own fashion for fifteen years, but, hat in hand and humble, he went nevertheless to a maestro at the Metropolitan to take lessons at ten dollars for each half hour. The maestro had heard him playing at the Casino across the street and was still aghast at his heresies. It would take ages, it seems, to unteach him all his self-taught errors. Indeed, the maestro did not see how, in his blundering way, he got certain effects. How, for instance, did he get that curious arpeggio in his first number? Harpo showed him, and after ten minutes the maestro got the idea. Another trick with the strings puzzled the great teacher. Harpo showed him that one, too. By the time it was mastered, the half hour was up. So he paid his ten dollars and decided to remain uneducated.

Lives of such men all remind us that it might well be a blessing for any lad to be thrown out of school. I know that many educators are filled with new misgivings, and are wondering if the schools themselves are not to blame—wondering, indeed, if it is not the schools that cramp the style. I know that here and there experimental academies are letting even the littlest pupils do exactly as they please.

However, such experiments are few and sporadic. The great body of our young march to the regimental tune. Indeed, they must. It is the law. The lag-gard legislators have not yet heard about the new misgivings. Why, even the little boy who stands on his father's head twice a day in vaudeville, and the little girl who swings by her teeth in the circus are not permitted by the state to do so unless, from time to time, they can satisfy some suspicious magistrate that the rest of their day is spent in learning the capital of Saskatchewan and the principal exports of Bolivia.

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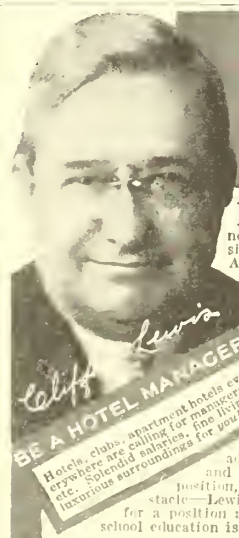
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# \$1000 Sales In Just One Day

So writes  
W. H. Brown  
of Maryland  
Oct. 13, 1930

On October 13, 1930, Brown wrote us that he sold \$1000 worth of Candy Crispettes in One Day. Another man, Nazer, of Massachusetts recently reported "\$3000 Profit in three Months."

## \$351 Cleared in One Day!

by W. H. Adams of Ohio. Jacob Gordon, N. J., reports \$4000 profit in two months. And in 3 months A. Marini, Cal., sold \$11,275 worth. Branco bought one outfit for making Crispettes on April 6th and ordered seven more by August. Iwata & Co., started with one outfit and bought ten more the next year. John Culp writes: "Everything going lovely. Crispette wrappers all over town. It's a good old world after all." We do not claim everyone will do so well but half these profits should satisfy any reasonable man.

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Be independent by making Crispettes at home. Start in spare time. No experience needed; little capital required. No canvassing necessary. Proven sales plans insure your success from start: selling to stores, stands, by boys calling on homes. Everybody likes Crispettes. Raw material cheap. Your profits 200% to 300%. Is it any wonder E. R. Nabor, Mass., writes: "Averaging \$3000 profit for 3 summer months."

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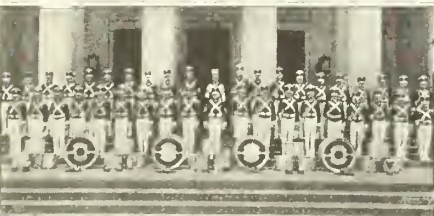
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**SPECIAL OUTFIT**

Complete musical equipment for unit of 15 men

**\$116.00**

Write for details and Special Bugle and Drum Corps equipment catalog.

We organize and equip complete bands, orchestras or string bands for Legion, School and Civic Organizations. Sole distributors for Keystone State Band Instruments. Ludwig Drums, Buescher True Tone Band Instruments and Saxophones.

**KEYSTONE STATE PARADE BUGLE**

New, long, rakish model, stirring trumpet tone.

Single Bugle, prepaid - \$8

Quantity prices on request

H. A. WEYMANN & SON, Inc.  
Dept. LM-1, 10th and Filbert Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Musical Instrument Mfrs. Since 1864

# The Captain Takes Command

(Continued from page 23)

Murvaux toward Remoiville and Louppy, by tireless efforts and utter disregard for machine gun and shell fire, obtained and carried forward telephone wire which was necessary to establish telephone communications between the 11th Infantry P. C. and 10th Brigade P. C."

Consider, further, what Major Harry C. Stinson, his battalion commander, told me in a letter received during the past week. Not snap judgment this, but careful thought expressed after a period of more than twelve years: "O'Neil is one of those strong, loyal, capable, unselfish men who attain their objectives without any display of fireworks. As a soldier he was without fear and had a rare sense of duty and consideration for his men that made him beloved by all who served with him. He was a tireless worker and never passed the buck."

In his Officers' Record Book appears the following endorsement written personally by his commanding officer on May 7, 1919, just before Dyke O'Neil returned from overseas service: "Captain O'Neil has been Assistant Adjutant and Regimental Adjutant since I joined the 11th Infantry on October 31, 1918. His services have been excellent. R. H. Peck, Col., 11th Inf."

THE war over and that particular job successfully ended, Dyke O'Neil had another important objective and he lost no time in taking it. Two doors from the O'Neil home in Osage City stands the residence of the late Judge Robert C. Heizer, and Dyke O'Neil had played with the Heizer children all through his childhood days. One of the boys, Robert C. Heizer, Jr., was probably Dyke's closest pal and, as told before, Bob Heizer failed to return from the war. But there was an even greater interest in the Heizer family, a sister, Margaret, from whom Dyke had obtained a promise before leaving for war. Judge Heizer until his death several years ago had served as District Judge for a period of twenty-eight years, a record in Kansas, and was known nationally in legal circles.

On August 15, 1910, Judge Heizer gave his daughter in marriage to Captain Ralph Thomas O'Neil. Captain O'Neil, now again Lawyer O'Neil, took his bride to the State capital, Topeka, where they established their home and Dyke resumed his practice of law. The following year the O'Neil family political trait again came to the fore. Still an ardent Democrat, Ralph T. O'Neil became City Attorney of Topeka and held the office for seven years under four administrations. When in 1927 he resigned the office, he retired, as one editorial expressed it, "with the respect of the city and the commissioners," and continued, "There are plenty of good lawyers, but not of good city attorneys and Ralph O'Neil was a good city attorney. . . . He got the city into no difficulties by snap opinions, had no prejudices, political or

otherwise, that interfered with his duties to the commissioners and they valued the sincerity and impartiality of his opinions." In another local paper's editorial we read: "O'Neil has never used his office for speechmaking and grandstanding purposes, but has always attended strictly to whatever job was in hand."

Since his resignation as City Attorney, National Commander O'Neil has been a member of the firm of O'Neil and Hamilton whose practice is confined to civil law business and it is interesting to note that his partner, John D. M. Hamilton, served as Chairman of the Republican State Committee during the 1930 campaign—another index to the O'Neil family's impartiality and fairness.

RALPH T. O'NEIL'S service in the Legion is too well known to require more than a brief summary. When he located in Topeka in 1910 he was one of the group of veterans which organized Capitol Post, the first chartered by the Legion Department of Kansas. In 1924 he was elected Commander of the post and has been a member of his post's Executive Committee continuously from 1921 until now. He served as Chairman of the Department Legislative Committee from 1919 until his election as Department Commander in 1926. The results of his direction of legislative action for veterans are still evident in Kansas.

He attained national recognition when he was elected National Vice-Commander at the Paris Convention in 1927 and it is interesting to record that he is the first Legionnaire to hold that office who was chosen later for the higher honor of National Commander. While National Vice-Commander he addressed many meetings of the Legion through the Middle West and West and also represented the Commander at the national convention of the Disabled American Veterans in Denver. In 1929 he was Chairman of the National Citizen's Military Training Camp Committee and during this past year, a member of the National Defense Committee.

Dyke O'Neil admits that the only hobbies to which he can lay claim are his interest in the Legion and his two boys. Robert Heizer O'Neil, ten years old, is named after his uncle who gave his life in Belleau Woods, while Ralph Thomas, Jr., two years younger, is appropriately named for his father since he is almost an exact miniature of him. The two boys are normal American youngsters but are already showing the interest in athletics and the qualities of leadership possessed by their father.

Mrs. O'Neil, a most charming and attractive woman, very frankly states that raising properly two active and healthy youngsters precludes an active interest in much outside of her home. That interest is amply reflected in the boys and in the comfortable, tastefully-furnished home over which she presides. Mrs. O'Neil



is a graduate of Kansas University, a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma and was elected to membership in the honorary journalistic fraternity, Theta Sigma Phi. While a student she was active in dramatic activities but that interest waned with the arrival of her two sons.

Golf is the only exercise in which the new Legion Commander indulges and he tells the story that when he took up the game, he thought with his athletic experience it would be easy to master. He candidly states, however, that Bobby Jones's laurels are safe as his game varies anywhere from an 84 to a 104. The disciples of Work will be interested to know that he is a bridge player par excellence, according to his friends. His interest in sports has not abated and he attends as many football, baseball and other games,

contests and meets as time will permit.

National Commander O Neil is a member of the Shawnee County Bar Association, the Kansas State Bar Association, the American Bar Association, the Topeka Chamber of Commerce and the Topeka Country Club. He holds membership also in the Masonic Lodge, the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, the Shrine, Elks, and his two college fraternities, Acacia and Delta Tau Delta.

Let me repeat what Harry C. Stinson said of him: "He is one of those strong, loyal, capable, unselfish men who attain their objectives without any display of fireworks," and let that stand as the best word picture of Ralph Thomas (Dyke) O'Neil, who is destined to lead the Legion to greater heights during this year of his commandship.

## The Days of the Wood-Burner

(Continued from page 17)

years on the Connecticut and Passumpsic River and then joined the migration of railroad men to the West.

That was in 1883 at the beginning of the greatest era of railroad expansion known in this or any other country. In 1880 there were 93,000 miles of rail in the United States and in 1890 150,000 miles, an increase of seventy percent. During this decade our population increased from 38,000,000 to 50,000,000 or thirty percent, but the national wealth increased eighty-seven percent. The railroads were one of the material causes for this increase, especially in the opening of a vast new agricultural empire westward, which at the same time furnished new and accessible markets to the manufacturing East.

I heard from a friend there that the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern was hiring engineers, quit my job and went to Montreal. By showing my union card and making myself useful and agreeable to engine crews on the Grand Trunk I reached Chicago, and at Elkhart, Indiana, met my friend, Robert McVicar, who was running an engine. I had fired for him in Vermont, which was the beginning of a friendship that lasts to this day. Mr. McVicar was a man of real ability and splendid character. He presently quit railroading and for years represented the Standard Oil Company in Europe. He now lives in Portland, Maine.

I got work as an engineer in the freight service. The conditions were new to me. The engines burned coal. They had numbers instead of names and the movement of trains was controlled by block signals. We had no signals whatever on the Connecticut & Passumpsic River Railroad. There was nothing to indicate whether a switch was open or closed. Usually we slowed down on approaching a switch, but if pressed for time we did not.

It may not be generally realized that railroad trains were in operation for nearly twenty years before the invention of the telegraph, and in those days there was no communication between stations inde-

pendent of the trains themselves. The first automatic electric block signal device was tried experimentally, I believe, at Meriden, Connecticut, on the New York, New Haven & Hartford, shortly after the Civil War.

At the time I went west the airbrake also was coming into use. Most of us who are over forty can remember seeing brakemen running along the tops of freight trains twisting the hand brakes. I leave to your imagination what the job was during a blizzard. Perhaps few laymen appreciate the far-reaching effect on transportation of the airbrake, patented by George Westinghouse soon after his discharge from the Union Army in 1866. Mr. Westinghouse died in 1914. He lived to see his invention transform railroading. It has made the hundred-ton locomotive a reality in place of the fifteen-ton engine of my early experience, and an average train load of one thousand tons as against 176 tons.

My job with the Lake Shore lasted only a few months. In the spring of 1884 I was laid off on account of slack business and spent two months running down prospects of employment in a strange country. In July I was in Minneapolis. I made a trip on speculation to Cameron, Wisconsin, where I heard that work on the construction of a line called the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie was starting. I found an opening as brakeman on a construction train. This represented a come-down from running a locomotive but I was in no position to be sensitive about that. Our train operated over two and one-half miles of track, which comprised the total mileage of the Soo Line. But the road grew in fourteen years to fifteen hundred miles and I managed to grow with it, leaving its service in 1890 as superintendent to go to the Baltimore & Ohio.

Thus passed the pioneering period of my railroad career, which by a coincidence of events was a period of pioneering in the history of American railroading during which the country was unified economically as we find it today.



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## Then and Now

(Continued from page 40)

as chow and ammunition to keep up the morale of troops, remember how often an outfit went hungry because the chow wagons couldn't get through and how, at times, ammunition had to be conserved? That's what we mean when we say "everything considered."

Why condemn the whole service just because things now and then blew up? And why cast aspersions on the whole crew just because some Christmas packages were robbed? We got ours away up in Germany, intact and on time, too. And as far as light-fingered gentry were concerned, some could be found as close home as an outfit's own post office, as unfortunately we learned after the war had been over a year or so.

So let's be reasonable and let's be a little too darned polite than too caustically critical, especially this long a time after the battle ended.

**R**EPORTS of highly successful outfit reunions held in Boston during the Legion national convention in several cases end with the slogan: "On to Detroit in 1931." Two Engineer veterans associations are first under the wire with definite announcements of reunions in Detroit. The time has been set for the four days, September 21st to 24th. These announcements, together with other notices of interest to veterans, follow:

**21ST ENGRS. L. R. Soc.**—11th annual reunion in Detroit, Mich., in conjunction with Legion 1931 national convention. Frederick G. Webster, secy., 6819-A Prairie ave., Chicago, Ill.

**31ST RY. ENGRS., A. E. F.**—Third annual reunion in Detroit, Mich., in conjunction with Legion 1931 national convention. F. E. Love, secy., 113 First ave., W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

**23D ENGRS.**—To complete roster of the 4,880 men who composed regiment, all former members are requested to send names and correct addresses to Doane Eaton, 50 Morningside dr., New York, N. Y.

**34TH ENGRS. VETS. Assoc.**—Annual reunion. Triangle Park, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 6th. George Remple, secy., 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

**30TH DIV.**—Former members having pictures or knowing of photographers who took pictures at Camp Sevier, training scenes, parades, homecoming, etc., report to E. A. Murphy, Lepanto, Ark., who is compiling complete history of division.

**102D U. S. INF.**—"Connecticut Fights—The Story of the 102d Regiment," will soon be ready for distribution. Official record, photographs, sketches, maps and roster. Five dollars. Daniel W. Strickland, ex-chaplain, 1112 Chapel st., New Haven, Conn.

**79TH F. A., MED. DET.**—Former members are requested to write to Floyd O. Smith, Golden, Ill., who will publish all letters in 1931 bulletin to be sent to every man who reports. Also ex-members of other 79th F. A. and 21st Cav. units.

**61st C. A. C. Bty. F.**—Annual banquet, DeSoto Hotel, Savannah, Ga., Feb. 23d. J. C. DuBois, P. O. Box 593, Savannah.

**BASE HOSP. FT. SILL, OKLA.**—Former members interested in proposed reunion, write to F. R. McCollough, Glasco, Kans.

**S. S. Tuscania.**—Annual reunion of Tuscania survivors, Milwaukee, Wis., Feb. 5th. Send name, address and outfit with which connected, to Leo V. Zimmermann, 567-55th st., Milwaukee.

**CAMP MEADE COUNTRY CLUB.**—Reunion of former Q. M. officers who were members of club in 1917, will be held in Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 17th. William M. Peck, 1695 N. 56th st., Philadelphia.

THE COMPANY CLERK

## When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 15)

which was usually after midnight. Once he was in a horizontal position, he was sound asleep. This may explain the fact that he appeared nimble and fresh at the office next morning when his only exercise was walking up and down the War Department steps or going to the door to call the Chief of Staff instead of using the buzzer.

**S**INCE he was a small boy, when his father had given him a Hume's History of England if he would read it through. Baker had never wanted for a job. One was always waiting for him. He had been through the law school and was settling to practice when Postmaster General Wilson in Cleveland's second administration asked him to be his private secretary. At first he had refused, as he wanted to go on with his law practice. After he returned to Martinsburg and had taken up the law again, Martin Foran, a Cleveland lawyer, offered him a partnership. No sooner had he arrived in Cleveland than Foran sent him as a substitute to speak at a Democratic rally in a mayoralty campaign. The chairman said: "Martin Foran's sick, and he's sent a boy in his place." Tom Johnson heard the "bboy" and drafted him into his civic reform movement.

John H. Clarke, later a Justice of the

United States Supreme Court, asked him to become a member of his firm, which had a great corporation practice. This assured large fees and eminent legal respectability. Baker refused out of loyalty to his own partner, whose health was bad. At Johnson's request he went into the city law department for a year with the understanding that he should then return to private practice. But he had drawn blood in the open skirmishes of the long Johnsonian battle which he must see through. In the campaign in which Johnson was finally defeated for mayor Baker was again elected city solicitor. At the end of Baker's first term as mayor, President-elect Wilson invited him to become Secretary of the Interior, but he had been re-elected mayor in the same election that had made Wilson President. He had a municipal electric light plant to build and other policies to carry out. He must finish this job before he began another. Refusing to be a candidate for a third term, he was back at his law practice after ten years of office, looking forward to providing a competency for his family, when he was again called upon to take another job that he had not asked for. When would that be finished? Would another man finish it in his place as Secretary of War?

Of all his troubles in the first two



months after our entry into the war. Congress in its refusal to grant authority and funds was the most hampering. But Baker's approach remained steadfastly that of respect for the law-making power, however irritating might be some of its members.

**T**HE man whom Pershing chose as his Chief of Staff would have much the same relation to the army in the field as Baker's Chief of Staff to the work of the War Department as a whole. An able Chief of Staff may make up the deficiencies of a mediocre general who will dependently listen to advice, and a very able general by undertaking executive detail, which should be delegated, may make up the deficiencies of a weak chief of staff. In either case one man is carrying the load which should be borne by at least two.

A mediocre general and a mediocre chief of staff may be better than a weak and indecisive general who can never keep his fingers off details, or effectively on any one detail, and who wears down an able chief of staff whose diplomatic handling of his commander cannot prevent vital mistakes. Even the combination of an able general and an able chief of staff, when two strong characters do not work in harmony, is not always fortunate.

Pershing went below brigadiers, colonels, and lieutenant colonels to a major whom former President Theodore Roosevelt had wanted as brigade commander of his volunteer division and whom Leonard Wood might have taken as his chief of staff if he had been given the command in France.

Major James G. Harbord was fifty-one. As he had entered the army as a private to win his commission after his graduation from college, his rank, in the course of linear promotion, was not high for his age. He was not identified with any army faction. Members of all factions were fond of him and held his ability in high respect. Harbord could do a prodigious amount of work without ever appearing to be busy. Army routine had not dimmed his natural initiative which was not initiative for initiative's sake, but had the gift of common sense in doing the wise rather than the foolish thing.

He was one of those officers who make up for the lack of a West Point education, which can be mistaken by graduates of our national military academy as leaving them with nothing more to learn, by mature study of the profession in its broader ranges as well as static fundamentals. He did not have to strike his desk with his fist to emphasize a decision. With a square jaw and lips that could form as thin and rigid a line as Pershing's own, he had twinkling and inquiring eyes reflecting that sense of humor which is helpful in forming an organization of raw material, but not so essential in a chief of staff who is putting merciless drive into an organization already formed. Another qualification, whose value might be easily overlooked, was that he wrote an order or a letter in clear, cogent English which left no doubt of its meaning. If a stenographer were not at hand he could

tap it off rapidly on his little folding typewriter. His shrewd insight into men and motives should protect his chief from cliques, and his wisdom and initiative safeguard his time, power, and health.

When Pershing and Harbord were busy in their plans of organization and in selecting personnel, as they sat opposite each other in the little room across from the Secretary's, Pershing remarked to Harbord, just before they were to sail for France, that it seemed advisable that they should have some sort of instructions from the Secretary covering their mission. Pershing said that he would put his idea of what they should be in writing that night and Harbord should do the same. The next morning they compared their drafts, telescoped the two into a whole which they revised and took to General Bliss, who signed it.

"Here are your orders. The President has just approved them," was the greeting of Baker, who had just come from the White House, to Pershing when Pershing appeared in the Secretary's office for his farewell before sailing.

A commander-in-chief could not ask more authority than orders of his own composition, approved by the President, but he was to receive more. For the orders that Baker passed to him were not the Pershing-Harbord version. They contained the gist of that communication, but in addition this significant paragraph:

"In military operations against the Imperial German Government you are directed to co-operate with the forces of the other countries employed against that enemy; but in so doing the underlying idea must be kept in view that the forces of the United States are a separate and distinct component of the combined forces, the identity of which must be preserved. This fundamental rule is subject to such minor exceptions in particular circumstances as your judgment may approve. The action is confided to you, and you will exercise full discretion in determining the manner of co-operation. But, until the forces of the United States are in your judgment sufficiently strong to warrant operations as an independent command, it is understood that you will co-operate as a component of whatever army you may be assigned to by the French Government."

"The forces of the United States are a separate and distinct component of the combined forces, the identity of which must be preserved" was the important item in the actual orders.

It would be fatal to our efficiency and to the very cause of the Allies if our men, individually or in small units, were infiltrated into either those of the British or the French forces. Our habits, our food, our temperaments were different. All these and the soldier's billets and the way he should fight would be subject to alien control.

Losses of life under alien command might engender indignation at home; our Army, representing the nation, its ideals, its pride, its blood and body, would cease to be a unit for national purposes and might be a force at the disposal of other nations in forwarding their ambitions.

Sailing with (Continued on page 54)

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## When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 53)

Pershing on the *Baltic* were fifty-four privates, with one hundred and ninety-one officers, including a few reserve officers. Pershing had chosen his associates from the cream of the Regular officers in the thirties and forties who had been trained in the school and under the staff system that Elihu Root had founded. Among these were Major Fox Connor, Major Dennis E. Nolan, Major John McAuley Palmer, Captain Arthur L. Conger and Major Hugh A. Drum, conspicuous as General Staff experts; and also Major John L. Hines, who was afterward to command a corps in France; Lieutenant Colonel M. W. Ireland, later Surgeon-General of the army; Lieutenant Colonel Clarence C. Williams, later Chief of Ordnance; Colonel Andre W. Brewster, later Inspector General; Colonel Harry Taylor, later Chief of Engineers, and Major Logan Feland of the Marine Corps. This pioneer group was to form our military policy from study of the situation on the spot instead of from the conflicting Allied suggestions which poured into Washington.

Our First Division, which had the honor of arriving in France first, was Regular in name, but there was only a nucleus of trained officers and many of the rookie privates had never been in uniform until our entry into the war. Our trained men were to be scattered among the mass of our recruits to form in the same school of progress the even efficiency of a vast whole.

I asked Baker the truth about the story that he had said to Pershing in the course of his farewell that he would give him only two orders, one to go and one to return. Baker wrote in reply:

"I said in substance to General Pershing before he went away that I knew the impossibility of any military direction from Washington to the commander in the field, and that I, therefore, would give him only two orders, one to go to France and the other to come home, but that in the meantime his authority in France would be supreme; and then I said to him, 'If you make good, the people will forgive almost any mistake. If you do not make good, they will probably hang us both on the first lamp post they can find.'"

When I sailed with Pershing's pioneer staff, I made a secret prophecy in view of my experience on the Western Front during the War and my familiarity with American inappreciation of the seriousness of the Allied situation. It seemed to me to be in the order of destiny that neither Baker nor Pershing would survive in power until the end of the War, and that we, too, might have a coalition Cabinet.

much training in the Plattsburg camps as these two, should be shown to the sons of the man who had been President Wilson's most redoubtable critic and had inveighed in caustic terms against the unfitness of Baker as Secretary of War. The explanation was simple. It was favoritism whose excuse was sentiment.

"If I cable asking that the two Roosevelt boys be sent to France, will you grant the request?" Pershing inquired when he was saying goodbye to the Secretary.

"Certainly," Baker replied.

It was the grateful thing for Pershing to do. If President Roosevelt had not made Captain John J. Pershing a brigadier general over so many seniors, linear promotion could not have carried Pershing higher than a major of cavalry by March, 1916; he would not have had the rank or, in time of peace, the opportunity to win the distinction entitling him to lead the expedition in pursuit of Villa's band, and he would hardly have been chosen to command in France. Baker granted the sons the privilege he had to deny the father.

The elder Roosevelt had been a sturdy advocate of conscription, but not as in the draft act that the War Department had drawn. He was inexorably for an exception on personal grounds as a former President and leader of men to which he summoned eloquently the support of our martial tradition. At the outset of our wars, veterans of former wars or men who had political place or perhaps political ambition issued their personal calls for companies, battalions, and regiments of volunteers of which they became commanders. In peace they would go to the polls with a war record and, unless they had been too stern disciplinarians, a voting nucleus of a devoted veteran following. In case they had not been disciplinarians their war record was not always so good in the War Department files as in a political campaign.

Thus the armies had been raised in the Civil War; and the number of colonels and generals on the floor of Congress, who fought their battles over with words in the "Bloody Shirt" days, attested the electoral value of having been a general officer or at least a field officer rather than a mere private. Locally raised regiments often had such a high spirit of corps, which developed so exclusive a group feeling, that no further recruits would be received to serve with their club. Armies were reinforced by the raising of new battalions and regiments which often had no stiffening infiltration of veterans.

In the War with Spain leaders had raised volunteer regiments in the same fashion as in the Civil and previous wars. If the leaders did not know military drill they included in their levies some men who did. The 20th Kansas had Frederick Funston for its colonel; but its untrained lieutenant colonel was disappointed in



his expectations because General Miles was not chosen to lead the expedition to Cuba. In case Miles went, Funston was to serve on his staff, and the lieutenant colonel meanwhile would have learned soldiering well enough to take actual command. At Chickamauga, during a maneuver of troops in training for Cuba, a lieutenant colonel of a Northern regiment approached a major of a Southern battalion, which was on the firing line, and said, "I've got separated from my troops. I outrank you, so I'll take command of yours." The answer was inhumanly pitiable. "No, you'll not. No Yankee lieutenant colonel ever outranked a Southern major."

Not to mention that sectional jealousies may interfere with teamwork, an officer who was separated from his troops on the way to Château-Thierry, when the Germans were pressing along the Paris road, might not have been much missed in the professional conduct of the operations; but it would have been more fashionable for him in that crisis to have taken the same road as his command.

This is not implying that Colonel Roosevelt would ever have been separated from his division. It has to do with other colonels who wanted the same opportunity as he under the tradition he was championing. Roosevelt was never lost in his life, not even on the River of Doubt in his South American explorations. His division would have been separated from him only through its inability to keep up with him in his movement to the front; that is, if his legs were as strong as his spirit in 1917, as they had been in Spanish War days.

Nineteen years had elapsed since the author of "The Winning of the West" had resigned as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and appealing to the men of the old West who knew how to shoot and ride, and to all kindred spirits from the East, raised his regiment of Rough Riders. Ranks were soon filled by the clamor to join in the adventure of that choice band of gentlemen and cowboys. Theirs was the only volunteer regiment that had the new magazine rifles. As infantry they charged at Las Guasimas and San Juan Hill, and it was Roosevelt's boast that his regiment was as good as Regulars.

The glamour of his part, "alone in Cuba" as Mr. Dooley phrased it, was such as comes to the leader of a *corps d'élite* in a brief little war on a romantic background.

It had the popular appeal which gave Roosevelt's genius, in its vast and versatile range, the stage for the statesman's part. It made him governor of New York State and then President, ever Teddy to the public, which pictured him as the charging Rough Rider. In his crusade as a progressive he was to see his friends of school, college, and family association, hostile to him for treason against his own class as he turned on vested interests and "malefactors of great wealth." After leaving the White House, the holiday he chose was not the retired statesman's comfortable European tour or rounds of golf, but hunting savage beasts in Africa, followed by the home adventure of leading the rebellion against

his own party in an unprecedented personal following which he galvanized into the Bull Moose movement.

The memory of his days on the plains, his battles in Cuba, and the comradeship of the Rough Riders, from deputy sheriffs, bad men and Indians to polo players, grew sweeter with age which heard the call of youth to repeat youth's adventure. As he had raised his regiment for Cuba, plainsmen and town men, choice spirits all, sharing the destiny of arms, he would raise a division for France. On February 3, 1917, when we broke off relations with Germany, he was dashing off a hurried note to the Secretary of War that he was not going to Jamaica. "I and my four sons" waited the call for volunteers and to raise a division.

This was the beginning of his famous correspondence with Baker. He published it in the Metropolitan Magazine, for which he was then writing.

On March 19th, more than two weeks before our entry into the war, he sent a telegram to Baker saying that he could assemble his division at Fort Sill for six weeks' preliminary training before it went to France when, after intensive training, it could be put at once into the trenches. (So he who had been "alone in Cuba" might be also in France, his division the first Americans in action on the great war stage.) All he asked was that the War Department furnish it arms and supplies and he would arrange to pay the rest of the expenses. He named some of the Regular officers whom he wished detailed to his division. If he could not have Captain Frank McCoy, because he had gone to Mexico, then Captain G. V. H. Moseley as chief of staff; Major James G. Harbord, Colonel Henry Allen, and his old friend, Major Robert Howze, as brigade commanders. He knew the Army as President. He was picking the best. McCoy had a brilliant record in France. Moseley became chief of G-4 under Pershing. Harbord became Chief of Staff of the A. E. F., conqueror of Belleau Wood, chief of the Service of Supply; Allen commanded the 90th division in the Meuse-Argonne battle and afterwards our Army of Occupation on the Rhine. Roosevelt was prepared to suggest the names of other regular officers, one for every thousand men, for the War Department to assign to him. Baker replied:

"Your telegram this date received. No additional armies can be raised without the specific authority of Congress which by its act of February 27, 1906 [in the Roosevelt administration], has also prohibited any executive department or other government establishment of the United States to involve the Government in any contract or other obligation for the future payment of moneys in excess of appropriations unless such contract or obligation is authorized by law. A plan for a very much larger army than the force suggested in your telegram has been prepared for the action of Congress whenever required. Militia officers of high rank will naturally be incorporated with their commands, but the general officers for all volunteer forces are to be drawn from the Regular Army."

The draft bill, (Continued on page 56)

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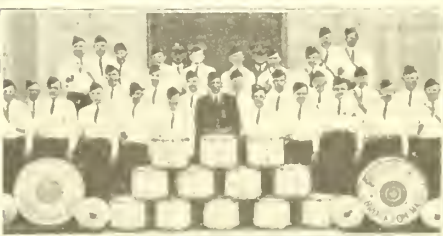
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## When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 55)

incorporating the plan for that "very much larger army," was already before Congress. On April 11th Roosevelt went to Washington to take personal charge of his cause on the scene of political action. Having done his political penance, having been regularized, the magic of his name and his political resource were already turning the sentiment of his party toward the leader under whom it had won brilliant victories, as its next Presidential candidate. However, all this was only the means to burst open the door which the draft bill, if passed as presented, would close to his martial ambition.

The former President took his personal appeal to both the President and the Secretary of War. Private Secretary Tumulty's account was that the meeting between him and Wilson was most gracious and pleasant. Wilson afterward told Tumulty that Roosevelt was "a big boy. There is a sweetness about him that is very compelling. I can easily understand why his followers are so fond of him." Roosevelt slapped Tumulty on the back, congratulated him on having six sons, and asked him to come with him as a commissioned officer to France. In John J. Leary's book, "Talks with T. R.," Roosevelt said that if any other man than Wilson had talked to him the way Wilson did he would be assured of a chance to fight. At least Wilson had left the door open. As for Tumulty, Roosevelt would make sure he was not too near headquarters, as he would probably be acting as Wilson's watch dog.

Baker, in courtesy to an ex-President, instead of troubling him to call at the War Department, called on him at the house of Mrs. Longworth, where he was living. Congressmen and other visitors were waiting their turn as Baker was ushered upstairs. Colonel Roosevelt did the talking in the full play of his winning manner. When I asked Baker about the interview with Roosevelt he said that it had no important result and remarked that the colonel was "in his usual high mood."

On April 13th, Baker in writing to Roosevelt said that the military policy the War Department had approved "is, of course, a purely military policy, and does not undertake to estimate what, if any, sentimental value would attach to a representation of the United States in France by a former President of the United States, but there are doubtless other ways in which that value could be contributed apart from a military expedition.

"Co-operation between the United States and the Entente Allies has not yet been so far planned as that any decision has been reached upon the subject of sending an expeditionary force; but should any such force be sent, I should feel obliged to urge that it be placed under the command of the ablest and most experienced professional military man in our country, and that it be offi-

cered by and composed of men selected because of their previous military training and, as far as possible, actual military experience. My judgment reaches this conclusion for the reason that any such expedition will be made up of young Americans who will be sent to expose their lives in the bloodiest war yet fought in the world, and under conditions of warfare involving applications of science to the art, of such a character that the very highest degree of skill and training and the largest experience are needed for their guidance and protection. I could not reconcile my mind to a recommendation which deprived our soldiers of the most experienced leadership available, in deference to any mere sentimental consideration, nor could I consent to any expedition being sent until its members have been seasoned by most thorough training for the hardships which they would have to endure. I believe, too, that should any expeditionary force be sent by the United States, it should appear from every aspect of it that military considerations alone had determined its composition, and I think this appearance would be given rather by the selection of the officers from the men of the Army who have devoted their lives exclusively to the study and pursuit of military matters and have made a professional study of the recent changes in the art of war. I should, therefore, be obliged to withhold my approval from an expedition of the kind you propose.

"I say these things, my dear Mr. Roosevelt, as the result of very earnest reflection and because I think you will value a frank expression of my best judgment rather than an apparent acquiescence in a plan which I do not approve, drawn from my failure to comment."

Roosevelt was responding in long letters—one was eleven and another eighteen typewritten pages—as the controversy continued. His letters were interlined with his hurried vigorous handwriting as he further supported his points by further arguments that occurred to him.

All in vain. On May 2d, in a letter to the President, Baker was saying after a talk with General Bridges of the British mission:

"He (Bridges) went further and said that the English, French and German armies had all settled down to the conviction that this is too serious a kind of warfare for untrained men or amateurs of any sort, and that he had taken the liberty of telegraphing to the Chief of the British Staff and protesting against any favor being shown from them toward the organization of any form of volunteer group from America for such an expedition. . . ."

That settled it.

So a mesh was spun around the old lion holding him at bay. Pershing, whom he had promoted. Regulars who were close to him as President, the very Regu-



lar officers whom he wanted for his division, and men who loved him for all he had done for his country and the new spirit he had given our youth by his strenuous example and teaching, saw the principle of a sound military policy endangered by the exception he would have made on his behalf.

"I might crack," he said, "but I would last three months anyway." When he was not to live long, and possibly he felt the touch of the grim hand of warning on his shoulder that he must soon go, the wistfulness in his eyes was never quite so appealing as when he craved the soldier's way of going. There could have been no question of the spirit he would have put into the division.

If the old lion might not go to France, then the four cubs might. Theodore and Archibald were to have their chance with Pershing. When it was learned that they were assigned to the First Division, the First's regular officers were satirical at the expense of the officers who were a great man's sons. They saw it as the opening wedge of favoritism; but one day all his superiors joined in the view that young Theodore had earned his promotion as a soldier among soldiers in a kind of warfare so different from that his father had known. Kermit served with the British in Mesopotamia. There remained Quentin, the youngest. He had chosen aviation school. In the midst of the controversy over father's division, Roosevelt and Baker preserved the amenities by their common interest in Quentin. Baker was writing the father on April 19, 1917, three days before the father's eighteen page blast condemning Baker's military policy:

"I have just received your letter of the 16th instant. I will take up at once with General Squier, the Chief Signal Officer, the question of seeing that Quentin is given every opportunity at Fort Monroe. This of course would happen anyhow. But it will give me pleasure to think that your boy is there and a part of our establishment. I hope you will feel free to write me anything you think I ought to know about his experiences at the school."

On the 22d Baker was writing:

"General Squier has just told me that Quentin has been received into the school at Fort Monroe and so I am able to assure you that it is a great pleasure to have him enrolled in our Corps and in training in our own Army."

Roosevelt thanked him with a "mighty fine of you," while Baker's interest continued, in keeping with the father's and son's wishes, in having Quentin hastened to France where the youngest cub was to have the soldier's death which the old lion had craved for himself.

ON APRIL 23, 1917, Baker sent to all the governors and the commissioner for the District of Columbia a telegram which began:

"The President desires (not directs) I bring to your attention the following considerations which he is not at present ready to give to the press while the bill is under discussion."

It was evident, he said, that registration for the draft would be required.

Baker would spur the governors to better the Civil War record. "Our people have long been practised in presenting themselves at accustomed polling places. . . . The methods employed in these enumerations are admirably adapted to the accomplishment of this; for we find in every State a mechanism for registration and a people accustomed to its use. The details of the local instrumentalities may differ, but all exist for a single purpose that is, in essential substance, the purpose that we now entertain. It is true that these agencies are not at present bound in a single uniform system responsive to a sole control, but the elimination of this objection is precisely our problem. I cannot think it is difficult."

On May 1, 1917, eighteen days before the draft act was passed, Baker was writing to the President the letter reproduced on page 14 in which he asked the President to issue a proclamation in connection with his signing the draft bill.

Who was to be chosen provost marshal general in charge of the administration of the draft? He should be a soldier, as the summoning of men to be soldiers was the object; and a broad-gauge soldier, when direction was to proceed through the civil government to the sheriffs and civil boards under them. It would be well if he were a lawyer in view of the number of regulations which must be formulated and interpreted. He must not only have an incorruptible sense of justice, but know how to be just under all the pressure of individuals for exemption and of all manner of employers, interests, and governmental agencies for exemption of all kinds of skilled labor. Baker did not have to ponder over his choice, especially when Judge Advocate General Enoch H. Crowder had shown such signal interest in the titanic task, and, in addition to his other qualifications, had shown that he visualized it in the ramifications of its depth and breadth in understanding of the Secretary's purpose.

Would Crowder's frail body, or that human structure which appeared to be so frail, stand the strain? But this question had often been asked about him since his graduation from West Point.

An accident had put him on crutches just as he began forming his draft organization. If his arms and legs had been cut off, Crowder's head would still have been tilted upward and the fire would have remained inextinguishable in his eyes, reflecting the energy of the dynamo he carried somewhere under his chin. He was one chief who did not wait on the Secretary's buzzer. He would swing along the corridor on his crutches and through the crowded reception room straight to the Secretary's desk. Baker would switch from the subject in hand, while a visitor might wait, to consider the point Crowder would have decided at once. No problem was nearer the Secretary's heart in the early period of the war than the draft. The soldiers come first in the military plan; policy and the draft would give us soldiers.

Forwarding the forms and copies of the draft instructions in six days as the War Department proposed, was quite possible, but (Continued on page 58)



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# When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 57)

first there must be more than ten million printed ready for mailing upon the approval of the act. Major Hugh S. Johnson, who might be called the uncle of the draft if Crowder was its father, had looked after this detail with a resourceful prevision which had warranted the confidence of Baker's confidential letter to the governors on April 23d.

There were no funds to pay the cost of the printing and the clerks' hire for mailing, which was estimated at a quarter of a million dollars; but this was not so disturbing a factor to Johnson as that, unlike others who were spending money without authority, he must keep his preparations secret. Soon after the bill was introduced into Congress Johnson took his problem to Cornelius Ford, the head of the government printing office. Ford, who was used to printing presidential messages and other government documents and holding them secret until release, said the printing of the forms would require two months. He could go ahead with the job, wrap and seal the packages and store them in the printing office corridors, and no one would be the wiser. Even he did not realize how much space the millions of forms would occupy. The corridors were soon so full that he had either to stop printing or find storage room elsewhere. The Washington postmaster was then taken into confidence; but soon the cellar of the city post office was stacked to the ceiling.

On April 30th, when the bill had passed both houses and was going to conference on minor points, Baker was telegraphing the governors that it enabled him "to confirm the plan outlined in my letter of the twenty-third to have one registration board for each county composed of local officials so far as possible. Local officials to compose boards in each State to be named by governor thereof. Bear in mind that exemptions will not be determined at time of registration but will be deferred until a later date when quotas are assigned and selective draft ordered. Actual registration will be in voting precincts by registrars appointed by county boards. Where state law provides a personnel of registration for precincts, it will be advisable that county boards utilize such personnel. In cities of over thirty thousand the duties prescribed for county boards will be performed by the necessary members of city boards to be named by the mayor. Trust you can go ahead with preliminary steps."

On May 18th when the bill came to the President for signature it was little changed except in raising the age limit to thirty-one from the original draft. So all the forms and all the instructions which had been mailed were in keeping with its letter.

"When will you be ready for registration?" Baker asked Crowder.

"On June 1st," Crowder replied.

"Make it June 5th," said Baker. Then he could be certain that on the same day

the local boards in the most remote sections of the rural West and South and in the back streets of great cities would be as ready as those in the city of Washington in the shadow of the War Department. He dispatched a note to the President saying:

"I enclose with the bill the proclamation modified as you directed when it was previously submitted to you. It fixes the fifth day of June as registration day. It is desired to save time, and therefore I submit the proclamation for signature on the same day with the bill."

All men who had attained their twenty-first year, and not attained their thirty-first, must register on registration day, or they might be imprisoned for a year and thus automatically registered. The President's proclamation, to the wording of which so much attention had been given, was intended to be comprehensible to all manner of men. "The time and place of such registration shall be between 7 a. m. and 7 p. m. on the fifth of June, 1917, at the registration place in the precinct where they have their homes," all who were already in armed service being excepted. So there was no more excuse for ignorance of where to register than of where to vote, to buy your groceries, or to get your mail. The sick must report to the county clerk when they were well. Those absent from home must register by mail to their home precincts.

"In the sense in which we have been wont to think of armies, there are no armies in this struggle, there are entire nations armed. . . . It is not an army that we must shape and train for war; it is a nation. . . . The nation needs all men; but it needs each man not in the field that will most pleasure him, but in the endeavor that will best serve the common good. Thus, though a sharp-shooter pleases to operate a trip-hammer for the forging of great guns and an expert machinist desires to march with the flag, the nation is being served only when the sharp-shooter marches and the machinist remains at his levers. The whole nation must be a team, in which each man shall play the part for which he is best fitted. . . . It is in no sense a conscription of the unwilling; it is, rather, selection from a nation which has volunteered in mass. . . . The day here named is the time upon which all shall present themselves for assignments to their tasks. . . . Our industrial need prescribes that it be not made a technical holiday, but the stern sacrifice that is before us urges that it be carried in all our hearts as a great day of patriotic devotion and obligation, when the duty shall lie upon every man, whether he is himself to be registered or not to see to it that the name of every male person of the designated age is written on these lists of honor."

On the morning of May 10th the sheriffs and mayors brought their printed forms into the light of day, and the governors summoned the local boards which



proceeded to organize for their part. And on the night of June 5th the results were known by the same methods as those of a national election. On file at the nation's command were the names and records of 9,660,000 men of service age at the nation's disposition, or more than the total estimated by the Census Bureau.

On the morning of July 20th Secretary Baker presided at the drawing of "the great national lottery" in the Senate office building, an occasion which, as he said, "represents the first application of a principle believed by many of us to be thoroughly democratic, equal and fair in selecting soldiers to defend the national honor abroad and at home." Before him was a glass jar which contained 10,500 numbers (the highest total in any registration district), written on slips of paper, and folded into capsules with the reverse side black, so the number might not be seen.

Having been blindfolded Baker thrust his hand in the jar and drew out a num-

ber. It was 258. The man who had that number knew when he read it in his daily paper that he would be the first to report to the local board. Or if there were fewer than 258 registrants in a precinct, then the first man in that precinct was the one holding the nearest number to that. Senator Chamberlain, of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, drew the next number; and then, in order, Chairman Dent of the House Committee. Senator Warren and Representative Kahn, the ranking minority members of the Committees, and General Bliss, Chief of Staff. When it came Crowder's turn, all joined in applause for the tireless manager of the lottery. Leaving to others the completion of the drawing, which took sixteen and a half hours, Baker and Crowder returned to their offices to labor over another problem, that of exemptions, in which fairness could not be simplified by a lottery, and which will be the subject of another chapter.

(To be continued)

## Solomon Wasn't So Wise

(Continued from page 41)

westward march of the men of a forest-conquering and forest-destroying breed. A racial epic, that war against the wilderness. But, like all wars, it left behind it scars which must be healed.

In the early days of the nation the fixed policy of the Government, expressed through the General Land Office of the Interior Department, was to get rid of our public lands as rapidly as possible in order to build up a self-sustaining populace. It was a good policy insofar as it applied to farming lands. But the various homestead and other laws were used to acquire forest and grazing lands which could never be turned into farms, and millions upon millions of acres of the public domain and the richest timber lands passed into private ownership and exploitation. That is the reason why there are today over 80,000,000 acres of ruined forest lands, once clothed with stately trees, now naked to the sun and the storm. No longer acting as an enormous sponge to soak up and hold back the rainfall, these deforested areas shed water like a duck's back, causing floods and erosion and incalculable damage.

Eighty millions of acres! How much land is that? Yellowstone National Park is a sizable piece of America; it makes quite a patch on the map of the United States; but it contains only a little more than two million acres.

Eighty millions of acres already cut over and largely burnt over, destroyed as producing forest; and we are adding to that destroyed area at the rate of about 870,000 acres a year, the average area burned over in national forests every year for the last twenty years.

Many individual Legion posts are lending help on local conservation projects. In Michigan and California, both of which States contain (or did contain) great forests, Legionnaires have been

especially prominent in conservation work. In Michigan the whole State Legion organization backed the Knutson Bill to provide a total of \$2,000,000 for reforesting Federal lands. In California the Legion was active in promoting the State Park Bond Issue of \$6,000,000 and in aligning public sentiment for the Englebright Bill which will provide \$4,500,000 a year for forest fire prevention. At least three California Legionnaires have statewide or national prominence in conservation work. Newton Drury has been executive secretary of the Save the Redwoods League and is now in the same position with the State Park Commission. David T. Mason started systematic reforestation by the lumber companies in the great coast redwood belt. Charles G. Dunwoodie is secretary of the Conservation Commission of the State Chamber of Commerce and is also active in Legion conservation councils.

Considering the values involved, how trivial are the amounts that we are devoting to national conservation! Compare the appropriations under the Knutson and Englebright Bills, for example, with the amounts that we are spending in other government projects.

I remember a few years ago visiting a friend in the Navy who was commanding a destroyer. I had come down from the Sequoia National Park, at that time 252 square miles in extent, with miles of roads, trails, telephone lines, water lines and sewer systems to be maintained, a village of two or three thousand people to look after, an organization of a dozen men the year round and fifty or sixty additional in the summer—all of which I had to attend to with \$35,000 a year. It was hard sledding, and I enjoyed the rest on board a destroyer out on battleship maneuvers.

My difficult (Continued on page 60)

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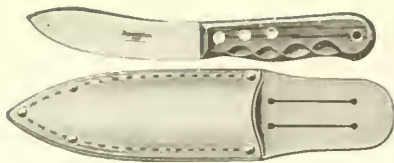
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## Solomon Wasn't So Wise

(Continued from page 59)

financial situation in the national park caused me to ask my navy friend how much it cost to build a destroyer and how much it cost to operate her each year. He told me that it cost well over a million dollars to build one and several hundred thousand dollars annually to keep her in full commission. And I was getting \$35,000 to protect, administer, and develop 252 square miles of the finest part of America!

Times have changed. The Sequoia National Park—only one of America's twenty-two national parks—has been enlarged to 604 square miles, and its annual appropriation for regular maintenance costs has risen to over \$100,000 a year, while about \$300,000 a year goes into construction of roads and trails. Owing largely to one or two men, the national parks and national forests loom larger in the public eye than they did a few years ago. It is a Michigan member of the House of Representatives, Louis C. Cramton, who has seen the devastation of the forests of his own State and who has been most active as chairman of the Interior Department sub-committee in seeing that the national parks are better provided with funds for protection and development. It was Mr. Cramton who gave the national parks in 1927 the first funds they had ever received for forest fire prevention. Until then we could spend thousands of dollars, theoretically millions, to extinguish a fire once started in the national park forests, but not one cent for prevention in advance of the fire.

It was in December, 1926, that I was called before the Interior Department sub-committee on appropriations and

questioned by Mr. Cramton and others on the needs of the Sequoia National Park. A few weeks earlier I had attended at General Grant Park a convention of several score fire department chiefs from cities west of the Rocky Mountains. Under the shadow of the Nation's Christmas Tree, the thirty-five-foot-in-diameter General Grant, I talked to the assembled firemen about the needs of the national parks for fire protection. I asked them how they would feel if in their respective cities they were told that they must spend no money on organization, purchase of equipment, or payment of personnel until a fire started. How would they like it if all the streets and vacant lots and alleys were filled with inflammable material which they had no means of removing—until a fire started, when it would be too late?

When Mr. Cramton asked me about the needs of the Sequoia National Park. I told him about that little talk I had made a few weeks earlier under the Big Tree at General Grant Park. And the committee gave the Sequoia National Park \$10,000 for fire prevention, the first sum ever granted a national park for that purpose. That was the entering wedge for a general program of fire prevention for the national parks, with enlarged appropriations for that and other purposes.

I tell that story just to point out the need for concerted effort on this matter of conservation, including reforestation. Congress reflects the sentiment of American voters. When Americans want their beautiful America protected and restored, Congress will provide the means for doing the job.

## From a Hospital Bed

(Continued from page 29)

realize that they did wait until it was a case of last resort.

Again, it is ridiculous to imply that all of the uncompensated patients are broke. Some have come here with savings accounts still protected, or with a tidy little income to care for the family. You simply cannot tell a man's financial condition by the color of his hair or the job he had before he was ill.

Right here I want to say that the only time I ever saw any iodine in this hospital was when I asked for it.

The disability allowance law passed at the last session of Congress, gives payments of from \$12 to \$40 a month to men having a disability of 25 percent or more which they are unable to connect with service. And what a godsend the new legislation is now to the thousands who are actually destitute. For most of us, for one reason or another, are far from wealthy. Mrs. Rae used to grieve over it as she gave me my usual afternoon backrub. "There's a poor fellow who came in

today and they took up a collection to buy his family groceries."

Or again, and this is not unusual, we hear a patient say, "And after I'd been payin' the bird three bucks a visit for three years, he up and says I've got to be operated on. Then when I ask him what am I gonna use for money, he sticks his thumbs in his vest and says, 'Oh, I can get you in a Bureau hospital'—where I could have been all of these three years."

Of course he has no right to blame his doctor. That same doctor may be treating a dozen other patients to whom he once recommended Bureau treatment and their answers were probably "Humph. Me? Back to an Army hospital? Not on a bet!" Any doctor whose counsel has thus been rejected several times has a right to withhold such suggestions in the future. He naturally thinks a man prefers to pay.

But, once more, why and why?

So back we come to our own front



porch again. Do you remember the war? And do you remember morning sick call? Many an incapacitated carcass lies on a Veterans Bureau civilian hospital bed in a receiving ward today and looks up at a Bureau doctor with wistful eyes. He is just another good soldier who kept going until he dropped in his tracks. Now he's ready to talk to a doctor—ready to shoot the works. He remembers that morning sick call.

He remembers the cutting jibes that followed the little group to the medical tent. He remembers the pills and the marks of "duty" or again the "light duty" that made him a menace to a top kicker, or the marks of "quarters" that left him in an empty, uncompanionable barracks, spending the day wishing he could get back out there with the gang. He remembers he learned that pains are easily forgotten and quickly passed. And at the front he didn't worry about bellyaches when maimed and wounded men were on the stretchers. Sick call was a wonderful thing for developing discipline and guts, but it followed many a man into civilian life. We literally taught ourselves to dodge the doctor. There was something about the psychological effect that stuck. Now we are averaging an age around thirty-six and thirty-eight and the pains we taught ourselves to overlook mean a great deal more than they did in army days. Funny little pains they are, too. Nature taps away like a little old hobbled woman at the door. Then she goes away and comes back to tap a little harder some other day. Then comes the day when we realize that health is more important than the job, that health is still more important than dropping out on the mouths we have to feed. Some of us are lucky and get the examination soon enough to count, others wait too long, and yet somewhere near us a Veterans Bureau office with a staff of government specialists was ready all along to tap us over, to tap us over not exactly free, but at least for the price of—a discharge, honorable, one.

It isn't my business to write a brochure for Uncle Sam's hospitals. They stand upon their records and those records are available anywhere. Many a private hospital envies the high rating of the College of Physicians and Surgeons which issues its certificates to none but A-1, fraud-free institutions. And yet every one of the ninety-six government-controlled hospitals rate that certificate. As a personal experience I shall cut such boosting comments short with the bare statement that I came from the most highly-praised modernly-equipped private hospital in the world straight to Uncle Sam, and the only differences I have found are that a nurse doesn't count the calories I eat three times a day, that experienced physicians, not internes, are at my beck and call, and that long experienced, registered nurses, not student probationers, surround me. And there are no bills.

Looking at it from a standpoint of dollars and cents, it costs Uncle Sam about \$4.50 a day to take care of each of his hospital patients—a total of \$1,642.50 per year per man.

That is what it costs Uncle Sam. but

here's what my year would have cost me in many an everyday hospital somewhere else:

Entrance and clinical examinations, including consultations, blood counts, X-ray photos, laboratory analyses, etc.	\$ 100.00
Use of operating room and attendants	25.00
Surgeon's fee	75.00
Blood transfusions	60.00
Bed in semi-private ward with meals, 365 days at \$5 per day	1,825.00
Daily calls of physician at \$3	1,095.00
Daily dressings by surgeon (personal attendance)	1,095.00
Surgical supplies for dressings at 50 cents daily	182.50
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Eleven monthly X-ray photographs at \$10	110.00
Private care and special attendants after operation	75.00
Fifty arm and leg massages, to build strength and resistance, at \$1.50	75.00
Ultra-violet ray treatment, 104 at \$2.50	260.00
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Postage stamps (4 cents weekly—Red Cross)	2.08
Cash (\$1 monthly from American Legion Auxiliary)	12.00
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I suppose that if I threw in the smiles I got from some of the classy nurses who were in the kindergarten when the war was going on, and added the soft caress of an understanding war nurse who held my pulse and stroked her cool hand on my fevered forehead the night I thought I was kicking in, it all ought to amount to another \$8.12 which would make it an even \$5,500.

That for what a discharge buys us.

In addition to all of the dollar and common sense arguments for Bureau hospitalization, let's take a slant at the personnel that serve us. We have a standing bed occupancy of about 575, with about twenty-five empty beds always ready for emergency cases. Admissions and discharges run a little over a thousand a year, but the bed-load always remains in the neighborhood of 575.

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Registered nurses	71
Dietitians	7
Ward assistants and maids	50
Cooks	15
Orderlies	102
Librarians and assistants	5
Utilities (electricians, carpenters, mechanics, electric lights, laundry, ice plant, water works, etc.)	130
Other employees (cleaners, laborers, elevator operators, etc.)	82
	<b>544</b>

And these figures, of course, do not include the chaplains, the Legion and Auxiliary contact (Continued on page 63)

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**Tires You Know and Prefer AT NEW LOW PRICES!**

You can rely upon Chicago's oldest and most reliable rubber company to deliver tire mileage at lowest cost. Actual tests on the worst roads in the country prove that our standard brand, reconstructed tires deliver 60 to 60 per cent more service. A trial order will convince you.

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BALLOON TIRES		Reg. CORD TIRES	
Size	Rim	Size	Rim
28x4.40-21"	\$2.30	30x3	\$2.20
28x4.50-21"	2.40	30x3 1/2	2.25
30x4.50-21"	2.45	32x3 1/2	2.70
28x4.75-19"	2.45	31x4	2.95
30x4.95-21"	2.90	32x4	2.95
30x5.00-20"	2.95	33x4	2.95
28x5.25-18"	2.95	34x4	3.50
30x5.25-20"	2.95	32x4 1/2	3.20
31x5.25-21"	3.20	33x4 1/2	3.20
30x5.77-20"	3.20	34x4 1/2	3.45
31x5.90-19"	3.20	30x3 1/2	3.40
32x6.00-20"	3.20	33x5	3.60
33x6.00-21"	3.20	34x5	4.45
32x6.20-20"	3.65		

Send only \$1.00 deposit with each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. If you send cash in full deduct 5 per cent. You are guaranteed a year's service or replacement at half price.

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Thousands of satisfied tire users all over the U. S. A. Our 15 years of business speaks for itself. This big responsible company will supply you with reconstructed standard maketires at lowest prices in history—**Guaranteed to give 12 months' service**

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CORD TIRES			BALLOON TIRES		
Size	Tires	Price	Size	Tires	Price
30x3 1/2	2-20	\$1.00	28x4.40	2-20	\$1.10
32x4	2-25	1.00	28x4.50	2-40	1.15
34x4	2-35	1.15	30x4.50	2-45	1.20
36x4	2-45	1.15	30x4.75	2-50	1.35
38x4	2-55	1.15	32x5.25	2-55	1.35
34x4 1/2	2-50	1.15	30x5.25	2-55	1.35
36x4 1/2	2-60	1.45	32x5.25	2-60	1.40
38x4 1/2	2-70	1.45	34x5.25	2-60	1.45
30x3 1/2	2-15	1.75	32x5.25	2-60	1.45
32x4	2-20	1.75	34x5.25	2-60	1.45
34x4	2-25	1.75	36x5.25	2-60	1.45
36x4	2-30	1.75	38x5.25	2-60	1.45
38x4	2-35	1.75	40x5.25	2-60	1.45
30x3 1/2	2-15	1.75	42x5.25	2-60	1.45
32x4	2-20	1.75	44x5.25	2-60	1.45
34x4	2-25	1.75	46x5.25	2-60	1.45
36x4	2-30	1.75	48x5.25	2-60	1.45
38x4	2-35	1.75	50x5.25	2-60	1.45
40x4	2-40	1.75	52x5.25	2-60	1.45
42x4	2-45	1.75	54x5.25	2-60	1.45
44x4	2-50	1.75	56x5.25	2-60	1.45
46x4	2-55	1.75	58x5.25	2-60	1.45
48x4	2-60	1.75	60x5.25	2-60	1.45
50x4	2-65	1.75	62x5.25	2-60	1.45
52x4	2-70	1.75	64x5.25	2-60	1.45
54x4	2-75	1.75	66x5.25	2-60	1.45
56x4	2-80	1.75	68x5.25	2-60	1.45
58x4	2-85	1.75	70x5.25	2-60	1.45
60x4	2-90	1.75	72x5.25	2-60	1.45
62x4	2-95	1.75	74x5.25	2-60	1.45
64x4	2-100	1.75	76x5.25	2-60	1.45
66x4	2-105	1.75	78x5.25	2-60	1.45
68x4	2-110	1.75	80x5.25	2-60	1.45
70x4	2-115	1.75	82x5.25	2-60	1.45
72x4	2-120	1.75	84x5.25	2-60	1.45
74x4	2-125	1.75	86x5.25	2-60	1.45
76x4	2-130	1.75	88x5.25	2-60	1.45
78x4	2-135	1.75	90x5.25	2-60	1.45
80x4	2-140	1.75	92x5.25	2-60	1.45
82x4	2-145	1.75	94x5.25	2-60	1.45
84x4	2-150	1.75	96x5.25	2-60	1.45
86x4	2-155	1.75	98x5.25	2-60	1.45
88x4	2-160	1.75	100x5.25	2-60	1.45
90x4	2-165	1.75	102x5.25	2-60	1.45
92x4	2-170	1.75	104x5.25	2-60	1.45
94x4	2-175	1.75	106x5.25	2-60	1.45
96x4	2-180	1.75	108x5.25	2-60	1.45
98x4	2-185	1.75	110x5.25	2-60	1.45
100x4	2-190	1.75	112x5.25	2-60	1.45
102x4	2-195	1.75	114x5.25	2-60	1.45
104x4	2-200	1.75	116x5.25	2-60	1.45
106x4	2-205	1.75	118x5.25	2-60	1.45
108x4	2-210	1.75	120x5.25	2-60	1.45
110x4	2-215	1.75	122x5.25	2-60	1.45
112x4	2-220	1.75	124x5.25	2-60	1.45
114x4	2-225	1.75	126x5.25	2-60	1.45
116x4	2-230	1.75	128x5.25	2-60	1.45
118x4	2-235	1.75	130x5.25	2-60	1.45
120x4	2-240	1.75	132x5.25	2-60	1.45
122x4	2-245	1.75	134x5.25	2-60	1.45
124x4	2-250	1.75	136x5.25	2-60	1.45
126x4	2-255	1.75	138x5.25	2-60	1.45
128x4	2-260	1.75	140x5.25	2-60	1.45
130x4	2-265	1.75	142x5.25	2-60	1.45
132x4	2-270	1.75	144x5.25	2-60	1.45
134x4	2-275	1.75	146x5.25	2-60	1.45
136x4	2-280	1.75	148x5.25	2-60	1.45
138x4	2-285	1.75	150x5.25	2-60	1.45
140x4	2-290	1.75	152x5.25	2-60	1.45
142x4	2-295	1.75	154x5.25	2-60	1.45
144x4	2-300	1.75	156x5.25	2-60	1.45
146x4	2-305	1.75	158x5.25	2-60	1.45
148x4	2-310	1.75	160x5.25	2-60	1.45
150x4	2-315	1.75	162x5.25	2-60	1.45
152x4	2-320	1.75	164x5.25	2-60	1.45
154x4	2-325	1.75	166x5.25	2-60	1.45
156x4	2-330	1.75	168x5.25	2-60	1.45
158x4	2-335	1.75	170x5.25	2-60	1.45
160x4	2-340	1.75	172x5.25	2-60	1.45
162x4	2-345	1.75	174x5.25	2-60	1.45
164x4	2-350	1.75	176x5.25	2-60	1.45
166x4	2-355	1.75	178x5.25	2-60	1.45
168x4	2-360	1.75	180x5.25	2-60	1.45
170x4	2-365	1.75	182x5.25	2-60	1.45
172x4	2-370	1.75	184x5.25	2-60	1.45
174x4	2-375	1.75	186x5.25	2-60	1.45
176x4	2-380	1.75	188x5.25	2-60	1.45
178x4	2-385	1.75	190x5.25	2-60	1.45
180x4	2-390	1.75	192x5.25	2-60	1.45
182x4	2-395	1.75	194x5.25	2-60	1.45
184x4	2-400	1.75	196x5.25	2-60	1.45
186x4	2-405	1.75	198x5.25	2-60	1.45
188x4	2-410	1.75	200x5.25	2-60	1.45
190x4	2-415	1.75	202x5.25	2-60	1.45
192x4	2-420	1.75	204x5.25	2-60	1.45
194x4	2-425	1.75	206x5.25	2-60	1.45
196x4	2-430	1.75	208x5.25	2-60	1.45
198x4	2-435	1.75	210x5.25	2-60	1.45
200x4	2-440	1.75	212x5.25	2-60	1.45
202x4	2-445	1.75	214x5.25	2-60	1.45
204x4	2-450	1.75	216x5.25	2-60	1.45
206x4	2-455	1.75	218x5.25	2-60	1.45
208x4	2-460	1.75	220x5.25	2-60	1.45
210x4	2-465	1.75	222x5.25	2-60	1.45
212x4	2-470	1.75	224x5.25	2-60	1.45
214x4	2-475	1.75	226x5.25	2-60	1.45
216x4	2-480	1.75	228x5.25	2-60	1.45
218x4	2-485	1.75	230x5.25	2-60	1.45
220x4	2-490	1.75	232x5.25	2-60	1.45
222x4	2-495	1.75	234x5.25	2-60	1.45
224x4	2-500	1.75	236x5.25	2-60	1.45
226x4	2-505	1.75	238x5.25	2-60	1.45
228x4	2-510	1.75	240x5.25	2-60	1.45
230x4	2-515	1.75	242x5.25	2-60	1.45
232x4	2-520	1.75	244x5.25	2-60	1.45
234x4	2-525	1.75	246x5.25	2-60	1.45
236x4	2-530	1.75	248x5.25	2-60	1.45
238x4	2-535	1.75	250x5.25	2-60	1.45
240x4	2-540	1.75	252x5.25	2-60	1.45
242x4	2-545	1.75	254x5.25	2-60	1.45
244x4	2-550	1.75	256x5.25	2-60	1.45
246x4	2-555	1.75	258x5.25	2-60	1.45
248x4	2-560	1.75	260x5.25	2-60	1.45
250x4	2-565	1.75	262x5.25	2-60	1.45
252x4	2-570	1.75	264x5.25	2-60	1.45
254x4	2-575	1.75	266x5.25	2-60	1.45
256x4	2-580	1.75	268x5.25	2-60	1.45
258x4	2-585	1.75	270x5.25	2-60	1.45
260x4	2-590	1.75	272x5.25	2-60	1.45
262x4	2-595	1.75	274x5.25	2-60	1.45
264x4	2-600	1.75	276x5.25	2-60	1.45
266x4	2-605	1.75	278x5.25	2-60	1.45
268x4	2-610	1.75	280x5.25	2-60	1.45
270x4	2-615	1.75	282x5.25	2-60	1.45
272x4	2-620	1.75	284x5.25	2-60	1.45
274x4	2-625	1.75	286x5.25	2-60	1.45
276x4	2-630	1.75	288x5.25	2-60	1.45
278x4	2-635	1.75	290x5.25	2-60	1.45
280x4	2-640	1.75	292x5.25	2-60	1.45
282x4	2-645	1.75	294x5.25	2-60	1.45
284x4	2-650	1.75	296x5.25	2-60	1.45
286x4	2-655	1.75	298x5.25	2-60	1.45
288x4	2-660	1.75	300x5.25	2-60	1.45
290x4	2-665	1.75	302x5.25	2-60	1.45
292x4	2-670	1.75	304x5.25	2-60	1.45
294x4	2-675	1.75	306x5.25	2-60	1.45
296x4	2-680	1.75	308x5.25	2-60	1.45
298x4	2-685	1.75	310x5.25	2-60	1.45
300x4	2-690	1.75	312x5.25	2-60	1.45
302x4	2-695	1.75	314x5.25	2-60	1.45
304x4	2-700	1.75	316x5.25	2-60	1.45
306x4	2-705	1.75	318x5.25	2-60	1.45
308x4	2-710	1.75	320x5.25	2-60	1.45
310x4	2-715	1.75	322x5.25	2-60	1.45
312x4	2-720	1.75	324x5.25	2-60	1.45
314x4	2-725	1.75	326x5.25	2-60	1.45
316x4	2-730	1.75	328x5.25	2-60	1.45
318x4	2-735	1.75	330x5.25	2-60	1.45
320x4	2-740	1.75	332x5.25	2-60	1.45
322x4	2-745	1.75	334x5.25	2-60	1.45
324x4	2-750	1.75	336x5.25	2-60	1.45
326x4	2-755	1.75	338x5.25	2-60	1.45
328x4	2-760	1.75	340x5.25	2-60	1.45
330x4	2-765	1.75	342x5.25	2-60	1.45
332x4	2-770	1.75	344x5.25	2-60	1.45
334x4	2-775	1.75	346x5.25	2-60	1.45
336x4	2-780	1.75	348x5.25	2-60	1.45
338x4					



# From a Hospital Bed

(Continued from page 61)

representatives, the charity workers, the barbers, the employees of the local canteen or the post office, or the bank personnel. A Bureau hospital is a city within itself.

Offhand it may sound paradoxical, but a veteran who spends any length of time in any one hospital soon gets an excellent cross-section view of all others. The commanding medical officer here was for a long time stationed in Southern California, for some years at Bureau headquarters in Washington, and was recently transferred here. Our chief nurse has been on duty at Elizabeth, New Jersey, and Castle Point and Tupper Lake, New York. Nurses whose services reach back to war days have been transferred here from almost every section of the States; our old surgeon just left us for Missouri and our new one hails from a hospital in Oregon. Among the patients are men who have been hospitalized in as many as five or six hospitals from Brooklyn, New York, to Legion, Texas, and from Fort Bayard, New Mexico, to Atlanta, Georgia, and Fitzsimons, Colorado.

A patient who keeps his ears open or asks questions enough can soon classify almost any Bureau hospital according to its discipline and freedom; its general run of contentment or its storms of discontent; its allowance or its refusal of passes to convalescents; its laxity of discipline in permitting open fraternization and dancing with nurses or its rigid discipline which even segregates males and females at chapel services; its open ice boxes for midnight repasts or its rigid rules that nothing goes but pot-luck—but with all of these purely local differences in regulations, there is a common denominator of prime interest to every veteran who may ever need any kind of medical attention.

And I have been here only a year. But a year can be a long, long time. In that time I have personally known eight men who died on this ward—eight men who became passing acquaintances, friends, and then departed comrades. Three devoted young wives, all under thirty, who have dropped into my room to have me share the cake, the squirrel pies, the special delicacies they brought their husbands, are widows now.

But there are usually only sixty or seventy patients on my ward, so I asked the administration office to give me the data on the entire hospital for the full year that I have been here. This is how it looks:

576 patients were here on the date I arrived.  
1,050 were admitted in the first 365 days I was here.  
1,626 total handled during the year.  
1,052 discharged during the year.

574 here on my first anniversary.

What happened to the 1,052?

One hundred sixty patients left against medical advice. Perhaps they went home to attend a funeral and returned as new admissions. Perhaps they felt that they

could get just as good treatment and be with their families. Twenty-eight of them, not satisfied here, were transferred to other hospitals for special treatments not available here.

170 felt the call of the great outside or home and didn't wait for "No." They did a Brogan.

101 left because they came from regional examination boards for more thorough examinations or short periods of observation, and they departed in high spirits knowing that nothing was wrong.

248 came for minor operations or short illnesses and quickly returned home to recuperate or fully recovered.

12 (about one a month) thought they owned the place, or violated too many rules for the welfare of others. They left on account of disciplinary action.

5 went home to die.

71 went out of those iron gates with "arrested cases" of tuberculosis. No doctor ever calls it cured. An "arrested case" is the best that we can hope for.

158 died.

1,052 discharged—or accounted for.

Remember that this is primarily a tuberculosis hospital in one of the finest climates known for the disease. Remember, too, that it stands at the top of the Veterans Bureau list for efficiency, results, equipment and medical attention.

In other words, there is a transient population of about 1,050 men a year, and a settled occupancy of about 575 beds. In one year 158 men died, and that is more than twenty-five percent of the average occupancy of 575.

Does it mean that one out of every four men here today, men who are earnestly chasing the cure, will, by all the laws of average, pass out before another year is ended?

Does it mean that, with only 71 "arrested cases" in the year, death is facing the tuberculous patients at odds of two to one for 1930?

No, it does not mean either of these things. It means, as I said in the beginning of this article, that men are waiting too long before they enter these iron gates. It means that men are on the outside now, today, fighting a battle of life that ought to be fought in a hospital bed. It means that for every one of you who reads this article there is a fellow veteran somewhere who does not know that his Government grants him free hospitalization for the price of an army discharge. It means that some of those men—along with some of our Brogans—will be among next year's statistics.

It means that on every Legionnaire there rests a responsibility to acquaint his fellow veterans with all that Uncle Sam is doing for his veterans.

It means that too many men will know tomorrow that tomorrow is too late.

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*P. T. Webster*

I want an ambitious, energetic man in every county to join me in the oil business.

I'll make him my partner, furnish everything that's needed to do business and divide the profits 50-50 every week. I have hundreds of men with me now on this basis—ready for a hundred more, part or full time. It's a chance of a lifetime—a real opportunity to win unlimited success.

## \$50 to \$100 A WEEK Your Share of the Profits

On my square deal plan, Wengard, an Ohio partner, made \$430.00 for his share in one week. Montgomery, in Iowa, made \$216.00 for the first week he started. In West Virginia, Mason's share for a week was \$126.02. Hundreds are making big money every month the year 'round. No wonder my men are enthusiastic.

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It's a great business—something doing every minute. You simply take orders on Long Credit Terms for nationally known lines—Cen-Pe-Co Motor Oils—Quality Paints and Roofing. We ship direct from nearby warehouse and collect. Pay you every week. There's a big business waiting wherever you are. No matter what you are doing now, how young or old you are, if you are willing to work, follow my directions and have the ambition to make real money, I can guarantee your success.

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P. T. Webster, General Manager

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Name \_\_\_\_\_



# THE MESSAGE CENTER

THE United States Marine Corps hymn rather understates things when it sets forth the breadth of service which falls to members of the corps. That at least is the feeling that comes to a reader of "Reminiscences of a Marine" by Major General John A. Lejeune, former Commandant, U. S. M. C., and now, having retired, Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute. General Lejeune's World War record is too well remembered to need reciting here, but it is not so well known that as a United States naval cadet he took part in the Samoan argument of 1889 which Vincent Starrett recounted in the November, 1928, issue of the Monthly under the title "Our First War With Germany." Subsequent service in the Spanish-American War, in the Philippines and at the capture of Vera Cruz in 1914 gave the general the right to think, before ever he arrived in France in June, 1918, that he had been places and done things. The average explorer and world traveler, reading this book, will feel like the Rhode Island householder who suddenly became acquainted with the fact that there was a woman in Texas who had to travel eighty-two miles to get from her house to her front gate.

GENERAL LEJEUNE'S experiences in the Army of Occupation from December, 1918 to July of the following year gave him the opportunity of observing at close quarters the behavior of a civilian population when under the rule of a conquering enemy. It is pleasant and more than a little thrilling to read his summary of the American share in that occupation: "We lived side by side with the civil population during the long period before the signing of the peace treaty without any serious disturbances or disorders and, I believe, left behind us when we departed for home a reputation for justice, honor and fairness that has never been excelled by any army of occupation in the history of the world." General Lejeune's book, which is published by Dorrance, is dedicated "to the officers and enlisted men of the Marine Corps, the Navy and the Army, with whom I have served. Devotion to duty, unswerving loyalty, fine courage and unselfish patriotism have been their dominant characteristics. I ask for them and for their successors the sympathetic appreciation of their fellow countrymen."

SEVERAL replies have been received to the call for help in the matter of the origin of "the life of Riley" which was sent out from this page in the November issue. A few of them we must discard, since they give the expression a wartime origin, and we certainly heard it many years before 1914. Charles A. Banbury of Crescent City Post, New Orleans, Louisiana, thinks it goes back to the time when Primrose and Dockstader and their minstrels were in their heyday, when vaudeville was known as variety

and Maggie Cline was rendering "Throw Him Down, McCluskey." He quotes a song which ran:

Are you Mr. Riley they shpake of so highly,  
Are you Mr. Riley who kapes the hotel?  
Then if you're Mr. Riley they shpake of so highly,  
Faith, Mr. Riley, ye're doin' damned well.

M. Almer of Superior, Wisconsin, Post, has an idea that the expression stems from the career of James Whitcomb Riley, the beloved Hoosier poet. Mr. Almer speaking: "In my opinion, the expression originated from that nomadic period of Riley's life which he spent traveling up and down the countryside with Dr. McCrillus and his 'Standard Remedy,' that marvelous cure-all which, as Riley said, 'relieved every form of distress from

The pinch of tight shoes  
To a dose of the blues.'

As we accept so many other things in this life without questioning the why or the wherefore of them, so do I firmly believe that Riley's well known love of the Great Outdoors and his leaning toward a happy vagabondage was the cause of his name being coupled with that expression. If I were to hazard a guess as to the originator of that expression, I would say it was perhaps his friend, Bill Nye. Doubtless one of your better-informed Hoosiers can supply that information."

FROM a beginning as section hand, brakeman and fireman on a wood-burner, as described in this issue, Daniel Willard has risen to the leadership of the oldest railroad system in America. On January 13th he will observe his twenty-first anniversary as president of the Baltimore & Ohio. Last year the occasion was marked by a dinner to Mr. Willard by the labor organizations operating on that railroad. It was attended by sixteen hundred people who conferred upon their guest the complimentary degree of Doctor of Humanity. Mr. Willard is the holder of six honorary degrees from colleges and universities and is president of the board of trustees of Johns Hopkins University. His wartime services were distinguished. In 1916 President Wilson appointed him to the Advisory Council of National Defense, the members of which elected him chairman. Without relinquishing his other public duties Mr. Willard assumed in 1917 the chairmanship of the War Industries Board. In 1918, at the request of General Pershing, Mr. Willard was commissioned a colonel of Engineers and had orders to join the A. E. F. when the Armistice intervened. He is at present an advisor of the Army Industrial College, a director of the Municipal Art Society of Baltimore, a director of the Mutual Life Insurance Company and of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

THE notion that all New Englanders have pie for breakfast was, without provocation, given the lie direct on this page in October. Now comes Roger C. Coombs, a transplanted New Englander who is manager of the Monroe County Farm Bureau, Rochester, New York, to offer an emphatic demurrer: "When I first read your squib about New England 'pie for breakfast' I was sore tempted to inquire what part of New England you spent your twenty-five years in and also if your parents were New England bred and reared. I let it pass but tonight I happened to see it again. I couldn't resist the urge. Now my dad's folks were all from around Biddeford and Saco, Maine, for several generations. My mother's folks were all Cape Codders, in fact her dad was a 'Harwich Hair Legger.' They were both born within thirty miles of Boston, mother in Boston and dad at Rockport. I was born in Beverly and raised in Peabody and lived there until I went away to college. While I was in school the folks moved to New Hampshire, where I now maintain my membership in Lawrence C. Davis Post at Henniker, New Hampshire, even though I've been here in western New York for seven years. Now there is my background and I don't just know what part of it is accountable. BUT by George—we *always* had pie for breakfast. I was reared on that diet and it's one of the things I miss most in my own home, even though I married a New England girl. She was a 'Nutmegger' and apparently not reared in the Boston way. The trait still persists at home as I sure enjoy it each time I am home on vacation. Always I'm in favor of that New England habit (as I know New England) of pie for breakfast. The folks also have beans on Saturday night—always have, still do and I expect always will."

FORMER members of the A. E. F. as well as radio listeners and those interested in the American stage—that lets us all in, doesn't it?—need no introduction to Alexander Woolcott of Savenay Post of New York City, whose article in this issue will reassure many a father who wonders why Junior doesn't take to arithmetic or history. Maybe Junior, who wants to model or build trucks and doesn't give a hang for arithmetic, is going to set the world afire in his own pernickety way.

ROGER W. BABSON is a name to conjure with in American finance. His statistical organization, with headquarters at Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, has branch offices in more than a score of cities and his forecasts on business are given respectful attention throughout the world.

*The Editor*

THE AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



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AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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Consistent with its policy of laying the facts before the public, The American Tobacco Company has invited General Samuel McRoberts to review the reports  
of the distinguished men who have witnessed LUCKY STRIKE'S famous Toasting Process. The statement of General McRoberts appears on this page.

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